

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
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AN APPEAL TO REASON.

By The Business Manager and The Editor.

Owing to increased demand (the Editor blushes) a number of members last month were disappointed in finding they were unable to buy a magazine, even on the night of publication!

Despite warnings, threats and appeals to our 'over the counter' customers, non-subscribers will continue to render themselves liable to disappointment. We cannot increase production because of the National Security Regulations involving restricted use of paper. This month we again include Annual Subscription Forms in our cash sale copies and hope for the best. Subscriptions may be handed to any of the magazine staff.

That was the Business Manager's little piece, and the Editor hopes you will all act upon his advice. With contributions coming in in a steady stream, we do not want to have to reduce the size of the magazine so we can get out more copies - and the demand is going to increase! The Bushwalkers' 'Services' Committee sees that each of our members in the Forces has a "Sydney Bushwalker" posted to him each month, and the number of copies despatched is increasing.....

Perhaps some members who have not a complete file of our magazine just throw each month's copy away after reading it. Maybe we could re-purchase from them at half-price and then sell "second hand copies 1½d. each"?

Would you, Reader, be a seller or a buyer?

What do you think of this idea as a paper saving device and a war-time economy?

FEDERATION NOTES.

At the Annual Meeting of Council on July 15th the following new officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months -- President; Mr. Oliver Wyndham (Rucksack Club); Vice-President, Miss Dorothy Lawry (S.B.W.); Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. (Bill) Watson (Rover Ramblers); and Parks & Playgrounds Representative, Mr. Reid (Bush Club). Mrs. Merle Iredale was persuaded to remain in office as Hon. Secretary for another month or so until a successor can be found, and Miss Joyce Kennedy was re-elected Assistant Secretary.

Mr. R. Tompsitt of the Rucksack Club is now Business Manager for the Publications Committee.

The Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park seem to have what it takes! In their Annual Report they note another addition of 40 acres to the south, which makes the total area of this park now 925 acres. The original dedication in 1936 was only 650 acres! The Trustees expressed their thanks for the work done by those bushwalkers who attended the working bees this year -- and Miss Byles announced that next year there would be another working bee on May 2nd and 3rd!

The Federation's representations regarding threatened timber-cutting on the top of Mt. Coricudgy have brought forth the reply that the timber is needed for defence purposes but the cutting will be supervised by officers of the Forestry Commission with due regard for the danger of soil erosion. The reply came from Mr. Clayton, the Director of the Soil Conservation Service, who recently lectured to the S.B.W. and suggested that bushwalkers should assist in conserving the beauties of our land, so it is felt that the position at Mt. Coricudgy will be watched efficiently.

This year's Annual Conference is to be held at the Scout Club Room, Ground Floor, 38 Carrington Street, City, at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 19th August. It is hoped that many members of the various affiliated clubs will attend to hear what the Federation has been doing during the past year to make their suggestions for its future activities. Have you any ideas on this question? Then trot them along and air them at the Conference.

Regarding the pitons on Carlon Head, apparently notices and tin arrows were erected before the job was completed and the Federation asks that any member going out to Clear Hill will remove any notices seen.

THE WALKS PROGRAMME.

(Extracted from a letter from Wal. Roots dated Brisbane, 15th June, 1941.)

My address on your mailing list for the walks programmes is care of the office and every time one comes along my secretary places it on top of the mail and then with a look of resignation says, "It doesn't look as if we will be doing too much work today." Darned cheek and rank insubordination of course, and I promptly fire her for it. She then picks up the programme, runs her eye down the list and comes back with, "Do you know this chap Harvey whi is leading a trip to Clear Hill, Wild Dog Ranges, Carlons and Katoomba?"

I grab back the list, pick the entry, check the train time and go off into a trance. I am awakened by a far away voice saying,

"You're rather fond of the Dogs aren't you?" "Yes". "Tell me about them." and so the mail gets pushed to one side and we amble down the White and up the Spotted, climb up Merrigal Gap to the Merrigal, along and onto Dingo and Splendour Rock.

By this it is morning tea time, so we scoop some water out of a rock pool and boil the billy (few wogs in the water so we strain it through a somewhat cleanish handkerchief) Gosh! that was good tea - worthy of the Austen!

Then we limber up again, slide down off Dingo Gap, pick up the Yellow and follow it down. We curse the mountain holly, swear at the stoniness of the old cur and call down the wrath of hell upon his ancestors for giving him such a humpy back. But we make good time and soon we are on the Cox. Up stream a bit and over to Konangaroo, then off with the packs and up to the rock pool near the bend (know the spot Bill Cosgrove?) Yippee! it's cold but mighty bracing. We have a race against the clock. Seven seconds it takes downstream but three weeks upstream - must have been some rain up Kanangra way.

After the swim we stretch out on the grass to enjoy the sun, and isn't it good! As its warmth slowly percolates into our marrows we drift off into a daze, when, - Brrrrrrrr -- the phone tings. Townsville calling! "Are you prepared to accept-----etc. And so we come back to earth.

That night when I cuddle into bed the journey is completed, with many pauses here and there to rake over the ashes of many many campfires. Many of you know and all of you can imagine, that the things we have found in these lovely hills and valleys of our Blue Mountains get into the soul and cannot ever be put out. Maurie Berry once thought he could drop bushwalking and tried to do it. How miserably he failed has been a joy to all of us these many years. I have never tried - I know it would be hopeless.

The day may come when we will be foodlisting together again quite frequently, and when that day comes the other interests which have come into my life will most assuredly assume an ever lessening importance.

"A BALANCED DIET".

By Max Gentle.

When Stoddy Jnr. writes for the Bushwalker you may be sure it's something interesting. This was so in our July issue, but the unusual part is that she wants her ideas to "call forth protests", while her guarded statements seem to foretell any protest.

After hearing so many discussions at the campfire, our writer of last month should be commended on bringing the subject to these pages.

The statement reading:- "Nobody can lay down a diet to suit everyone", is obviously true, because individuals vary, while the "trained dietitians" she mentions seem to vary more so.

For anyone with a vigorous digestion doing eight hours, mainly brainwork, per day, the food combinations outlined, seem eminently suitable.

Those of us not so fortunate should avoid the combination at a single meal of too many "rich" foods, such as bacon and eggs, and toast; meat and milk puddings etc

The only paragraph which invites real criticism, however, is the one which states that long walking trips "make it necessary to overbalance the diet in the carbohydrate direction." In everyday routine we see the people who continually eat these starchy products, and they constantly complain of stiffness in their muscles. Therefore, I say, to get satisfying results from our walking trip we must co-ordinate our eating with our exercise. An excess of refined sugar, and particularly starches, clogs the tissues, and forms fatty tissue, which is not muscular tissue.

If we are to build a healthier body tissue we must eat a bigger variety of lean meat, greens and juicy fruit.

Among the more condensed energy foods for walking trips we have:- Dates, prunes, raisins, dried figs, all kinds of raw nuts (well chewed), egg yolks, raw peas, honey (sparingly used). At every opportunity eat fresh vegetables, corn on cob, string beans etc.

I wonder if there will be protests when I say that these are all good, substantial, highly nutritious foods?

Was that Roley saying something about dates by the pound? Or only Hilma sighing for some good juicy steak? Or was it all a misunderstanding?

All the usual native plants and wild flowers have again been protected. "Herald" reports that "the proclamation will operate from July 1 to June 30, 1944" but that may be a misprint as the proclamation is usually renewed annually. Anyway, the same flowers and plants are protected this year as last.

IN CHINA THE COMPASS POINTS SOUTH.

Companion of all those who dare to go beyond where the pavement ends, guiding the venturesome and reassuring nervous souls when darkness falls or fog eclipses familiar landmarks. Navigators, explorers, adventurers down the centuries have staked their all on the COMPASS.

First made from pieces of natural magnetic iron ore and later (when the trick of magnetising steel had been learnt) from a magnetised needle.

The Chinese have made compasses for centuries, but their compass points to the south and not as we have it to the north. Their story is that for his misdeeds a spirit from the Southland was imprisoned in the "lodestone". He is ever trying to get to his home in the South and thus when the stone (or needle) is suspended it immediately swings to the South. Of course if one end points South the other end points North so I suppose even a Chinese compass would be much the same as ours.

As time rolled on, man has by his skill and ingenuity developed the compass into a hundred different forms. Nevertheless, a compass in any form has its ancient appeal to the imagination of anyone in whom the spirit of adventure is not dead.

It might well be adopted as a fitting symbol for Bushwalking.

--- --

By the way owing to the exigencies of war, Paddy hasn't got a compass in his shop, but he still has good stocks of 'Paddymade' camp gear for Walkers.

Phone B3101.

Paddy Pallin
327 George Street,
SYDNEY.

Have you seen Paddy's new shop?

Have you seen Paddy's new shop?

Have you seen Paddy's new shop?

DOWN MANSON'S LADDERS.

By "Piton".

On Saturday, June 14th, a party of trusting souls placed their lives in the hands of John Manson to be taken by the new route to Carlons, via Carlon's Head and Manson's Ladders.

Camping at Corral Swamp on the Saturday night I think we put in the coldest night any of us had ever experienced and the next morning we surveyed a frost-covered world. During the night I had been wishing that the numerous parcels of iron pitons, chains, picks and ropes which went to make up John's load for the weekend, could have been, by the wave of a magician's wand, transposed into eider-downs, etc. It was the first time some of us had seen a hoar frost. It was inches deep and pieces of it, brought back to the lazy ones still recumbent in sleeping bags, presented a pretty sight, together with what appeared to be panes of glass, but in reality were pieces of the top layer of the ice covered pool.

All food left out during the night was covered with frost - oranges having a pretty white covering and even the eggs, when broken, would not leave their shells but had to be dug out as though they had been hard boiled.

All these incidents caused quite a lot of excitement at the moment, but they paled into insignificance the following morning. Len and John had risen early as there was much work still to be done. We had been much warmer this night - wearing everything we possessed - but the frost was just as thick. Len, in making a hasty exit from his tent broke the tent pole - when, lo and behold, up stood the tent all by its little self. Sounds a tall story but was witnessed by several very reliable people! The poor tent was frozen stiff, as were the spectators, until a cheery fire was going and human beings as well as food stuffs were thawed out.

Now to go back to the Ladders - John and Len worked all day Sunday - it sounded like the Woodpecker's Song - chip, chip into the rock face. We girls had leisurely followed them on from Corral Swamp guided by little tin arrows placed on suitable trees. Near the end of the track, to make sure we were on the correct route, we went out on to an overhanging point and looked across to where we thought they should be working. Lola spotted a dark form which appeared to be swaying over a sheer drop of many hundreds of feet and almost swooned when she decided that it was Jack suspended on a rope. Now quickly following our objective we reached Carlon's Head and were very relieved to find the dark object was merely a jutting tree trunk which either our vivid imaginations or imperfect eyesight had visualised as John's body. He certainly was suspended by a rope but had quite a lot of terra firma not very far below him and was clamly digging footholds in the cliff face, and did not present the terrifying spectacle we had expected to see.

The work continued till about 4.30 in the afternoon, when it was considered safe to allow us to descend. The packs were lowered first - being the most important I suppose - and, as our party had grown to eleven in all, the golden ball of sun had slid behind the mountain by the time the last of our tribe was safely lowered - rope round middle and John as belaying post (he will probably be thinner than ever after lowering ten people down - I don't know how he got on himself as he was the last - but probably his body went down by memory.)

Len was below shouting instructions as to where the left leg should be lowered to - when on practically every occasion it was the right leg which we unfortunately had at our disposal. However, despite the fact that they had not had time to put in sufficient pitons until the following day, the descent was made quite easily and without mishap. It was now dark and we had a slithery, slippery slide down Carlon's all at the end of a lovely shimmery, sunny day. It had been enjoyed by all - with just a touch of suspense and excitement to give it flavour - as needs the egg a pinch of salt.

The next morning John, Len, and Dot too this time, left early and walked across crackling, frost-covered ground and did not mind the climb up to Carlon's Head to warm their frozen bodies. Len did noble work over the sulphur pot, handing up the hot brew to John to enable him to set in the pitons. Dot kept the fire burning merrily and egged the workers on by talking about the delicious lunch she was preparing. The poor things still had an aroma of sulphur surrounding them many hours later.

When we lazy ones arrived at lunch time we found our hard working pals had fitted sufficient pitons to make the climb easier than the previous day and, although not yet finished to John's satisfaction, it was easily negotiable. So ended a week-end of glorious weather, with much hard work for the two ring-leaders, but, judging by the talk coming home in the train, a weekend of perfect enjoyment for all concerned.

BLUE AND GREEN TONED PHOTOGRAPHS.

In addition to sepia toning, we have taken up blue and green toning of photographs (contact prints as well as enlargements). Many subjects look particularly attractive in blue or green. The charges are moderate, being the same as for sepia toning. Come and have a look at our album.

Best Pictures of the Week last month from club members came from Messrs. Harold Lade and Brian Harvey. If you don't hurry up, soon nobody will be able to beat Mr. Harvey's record for Best Pictures.

And remember that we do not only Best Pictures, but good pictures all round. You will like any photographic work done by

GOODMAN BROS. PHOTO SUPPLIES

20, Hunter Street, City.

(opposite Wynyard Entrance)

Open on Friday nights.

B U S H W A L K E R S' S E R V I C E S

ONE SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

In July the Committee met on the first and third Wednesday evenings at Paddy's as usual. The first night two magazines were wrapped and posted to each man on their list, while on the second night - after their usual monthly business meeting - these enthusiasts addressed and labelled 44 tins of salted peanuts for despatch, as well as posting another magazine to each man.

Here is a letter to you from their "Gimme-girl", Joan Savage:-

"Dear Bushwalkers,

This is a letter of appreciation although I am still asking for things. Honestly, I do want to express delight at the response to our appeal in the June issue. It would seem that our publication has more "gimme appeal" than my noisy person. We now have a list of folk ready to help on the good work by donating Friday night specials and we also have a new recruit to our urging forces. Roxy Barrett has taken charge of the list of prospective donors and will give you the sweetest smile if you ask her to put your name on the list.

We have also received knitted comforts, which the B.S.C. forwards to the boys on the knitters' request. That is an idea some of you might like to adopt -- never let it be said that I missed an opportunity to ask for something -- so if your fingers are itchy to be making something, girls, just go right ahead and we'll do the posting for you. That's what I call service!

Salvage. We are sending out an S.O.S. for empty tins with lids -- sunshine milk tins, glucose-D tins, or treacle tins. We can use all you can supply, so please think of us when you empty that next milk tin.

On 10th September we are holding a "Night Club". Hush, Hush! We will tell you the spot at a later date, but please remember to place Wednesday the 10th September on your social diary. Tell all your relatives and friends about the event too, please, so they can come along for an enjoyable evening.

This month (August) we are posting their Xmas parcels to all the lads. If you have any donations, please bring them in right away because Santa Claus has a date with the boys.

Thanking you all again,

Fitzie.

Two-way traffic is now operating. For some months past the B.S.C. has been sending letters, magazines, etc., to the boys. Now the letters of appreciation are coming back in large numbers, and we are glad to publish some extracts from them.

COMMITTEE NEWS AND NOTES.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The Air Force boys are appreciative, though worked to death, even Jack Debert moaning from Melbourne:-

"On many occasions I have wanted to write you and express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the grand job of work the Bushwalkers' Services Committee is doing. I have not previously done so because the work of a staff officer at Hdqrs, like unto a Gilbert & Sullivan policeman's lot, "is not a happy one". The constant high tension is nerve wracking..... What I'd give for a real honest-to-god pre-war week-end down on the beloved Cox is nobody's business..... There is no honour and glory in a staff job. It is pure unmitigated hard toil, minus the excitement and thrills of a campaign..... I have been most appreciative and quietly touched by the kindnesses of the Bushwalkers' Services Committee. To be honest, until two weeks ago I did not have time to read the papers so kindly sent to me. The books and magazines would arrive, I'd open them with a thrill at the kindly action and with a pleasant memory of days of long ago. Happy days in the bush or fun in the clubroom. Would glance through the books late at night before retiring, but read them, no never. I just had not the time....."

Early in June Ken. Grenfell wrote from Narrandera:-

"I refer to magazines recently received by me and forwarded under your direction. These have been enjoyable reading when spare time has been available, but, owing to increasing pressure of service duties I must request that you delete my name from your list of addressees. The movement is wholly commendable and came as an agreeable surprise to me. As a matter of interest I would like to say that I am now a trainee for pilot duties. My tuition here terminates shortly as the first step towards embarkation to a more active theatre of training overseas. I sincerely hope the bushwalking movement will at least survive these graver years and prosper greatly very soon."

We hope when Ken Grenfell gets his wings he will have some spare time again and that his special pals will let the B.S.C. know when he can be added to their mailing list again.

L.A.C. Peter Allan also wrote early in June, from Ascot Vale, Victoria, before going overseas:-

"I would like to thank you and your fellow workers for the different magazines you have sent me while I have been in Melbourne with the R.A.A.F. I received the Reader's Digest you sent me last week. The weather has been cold and wet for the last few days and it has helped to shorten what would otherwise have been long cold nights. Please do not send me anything else until you hear from me again. My movements for a while will be very uncertain and I may not receive them."

From Edmonton, Alberta, Canada came word from George Archer:-

"Received by mail a copy of the 'Sydney Bushwalker' and if you see anyone on the committee please thank them on my behalf. Where I am at present, on the wide open plains not much walking could be done, but further west near the Rockies it would be the tops."

Now here are a few words from the army from overseas and up north. Dave Kernohan wrote to Dunk from the A.I.F. Abroad:-

"Just a brief note to thank you for your most interesting letter and the "Bushwalkers" for their comforts, received two copies of the "S.B.W.", newspapers, ration bag, short stories and coffee-and-milk. As the outward mail closes shortly after we've received the inward, it is impossible to reply in full, could not let the opportunity pass without sending my thanks. Will send you a detailed letter in the next week or so. Until then, cheerio and regards to all my bushwalking friends."

Quenton Maloney of the Rucksack Club wrote from Darwin to Millie Horn of the B.S.C.:-

"Allow me to add my name to Bob Savage and Rob Morrison in their appreciation of the job the Services Committee is doing. It was a very welcome surprise for me to receive the several 'Saturday Evening Posts' which arrived last week and your letter in last mail. The books are very welcome and the canteen order also, though about the last it is very hard for me to cash as I am not paid by pay book. Should you intend to keep me on the mailing list I can suggest nothing more welcome than reading literature, which is as manna in the desert in this land of nothing to do. About the snaps, I would appreciate a snap of Kanangra Walls or one from Clear Hill. I have photos of parts of the whole of the Kowmung and some of the Cox and several of Barrington but not of the two mentioned. It's great to be able to look at snaps and picture where one has once been."

And lastly a few words from our old friend, Ross Easdown, who is with the 6th Division of the A.I.F. Abroad:-

"Thanks so much for the Club Magazine and the parcel - both turned up last week - and the Canteen Order a few days before with a letter from "Dunk" and Flo. It's very decent of you and gives a chap rather "a kick" to be remembered by friends..... I saw Bob Savage in Alex. before we went to Greece and haven't seen him since, but expect to soon as he is only a few miles away. If ever, after this dust settles down, anyone has an opportunity of seeing Greece, I strongly recommend doing so. It's really the most beautiful country that I've ever seen and really a 'walkers' paradise. High mountains, beautiful valleys and lakes, and wild flowers of every variety -- I've seen acres and acres of scarlet poppies, the countryside being just a sheet of flame, and the people are fine - simple, kindly and very hospitable. Crete is much the same....."

MISS. B. DUBE, 16 Spring St. City, will duplicate your circulars, reports. etc. 'Phone B1859.

Patronised by more and more Bushwalkers

for

Dinner on Friday evenings

A N N E ' S P A N T R Y

Serves MORNING and AFTERNOON TEA as well as LUNCHESES daily during
the week and DINNERS on FRIDAY EVENINGS

SO

Eat with your Friends

AT

ANNE'S PANTRY

Wynyard Arcade,

off Hunter Street,

SYDNEY

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND THE WATER SHORTAGE

A Hint from "Mumbedah".

Washing photographic prints by the running water process appears to be rather wasteful of water in these days of famine in the city water supply. As an alternative the following method is suggested and the permanency of the resulting prints is guaranteed.

The prints should be soaked for three periods of ten minutes each, in three changes of water. At the expiration of each period of ten minutes the prints should be squeegeed between sheets of blotting paper. This forces the water out of the prints, and with it the hypo.

As blotting paper is now more or less a luxury, a clean towel or other absorbent material may be substituted; and for the rather expensive squeegee required for big enlargements the kitchen rolling pin will be found quite serviceable

THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

S A Y S

REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING ATTRACTIONS!

- August 9th/10th. Sports Carnival Week-end. - At North Richmond. Come on Saturday and be at the Camp Fire. (Hush! There will be supper!)
- August 15th. Dorothy Helmrich will tell us of the fascination of Ancient and Modern Java and Bali.
(Friday)
- August 20th. Skating Party at the Glaciarium. Tickets 1/9d.
(Wednesday) Ruth McLaren. Manager
- August 29th. Variety Night At the Clubroom
(Friday)
- Sept. 19th. Mrs. Carrie Tennant-Kelly will speak to us about her experiences among the Aborigines.
(Friday)
- Sept. 24th. Back-to-Childhood Party. Come, and let us make merry again together!

About the VARIETY NIGHT (listed above.)

Will anyone who has a bright, original idea for our entertainment on that night, please concentrate on it and let the Social Secretary or Asst. Social Secretary, Edna Garrad, know as soon as possible so that it may be included in the Programme?

There was an age when North Africa was the granary of the world. To-day the Sahara blows down to the sea. Once, in China, the hills which feed the floodwaters of the great rivers were covered with vegetation: to-day, they are denuded, their soils washed down to silt the rivers or to cloud the waters of the Yellow Sea..... In Australia, the dust is blowing from the marches of the Western Australian wheat-belts to Western Queensland. The Sahara grew because the invading Moslems were nomads who had not learnt how to use and bind and hold crop lands. The Chinese deserts grew because a desperate peasantry, harried with hunger, tried to use every cultivable acre of soil for crops and cut the trees. The American and the Australian deserts have grown because men have exploited the earth for quick profits.

----- Paul McGuire in "Australian Journey".

LIBYAN JUNE.

Dust-----

I've raved and I've wept and I've cussed.
Dust in your blankets, dust in your clothes,
Dust in your eyes and your ears and your nose.
Dust in your breakfast and dust in your brain.
Dust that would drive normal people insane--
Dust.

Flies-----

Plague of the Libyan skies,
Swarming just where you don't want 'em to be
Having a bath in your afternoon tea.
Dying a nice sticky death in the jam,
Buzzing and buzzing and buzzing -- oh damn
Flies.

Fleas-----

Hopping with devilish ease;
Thriving on flea powder, having great fun
Biting, impartially, us and the Hun
If you kill one or two they seem to get worse,
So we just lie and scratch and impotently curse--
Fleas.

Heat-----

Gimme a large whisky neat.
Either one lies in the shade with the flies
Or sits in the sun and painfully fries
But it can't drive us mad--on that point we're clear,
We've been crazy for years, or we wouldn't be here.
Heat.

Huns-----

Germans with bombers and guns.
Trying to boot us with indecent glee,
Into the Mediterranean Sea.
Method of warfare that's known as the "blitz"
But we've our own methods of dealing with Fritz.
Huns.

Home-----

Some day we'll recross the foam,
Back to the jolly old land of our birth,
Back to the happiest country on earth,
Far from the flies and the Huns and the heat,
With a pub on the corner of each little street,
Home.

Sent By Pte. R. D. Burnside, an unattached walker,
to one of our Members.

She!

Received
The Bookkeeper
1941
- Ray Kennedy
a date

- 14 -

MORE UPSETS FOR THEM THERE PIDGEONS.

June 25
1941

by "Ubi".

The Pigeon House trip seems now so hackneyed that the Soul just writhes (can't you imagine the poor, tortured, perspiring thing?) in agony after originality, knowing that everything has already been said umpteen million times before. Even more agonising for me was the snaring of a quota for the walk. I sympathised with Tantalus as my hopes were elated and dashed to the ground at five minute intervals for a considerable period. However, we obtained the requisite number and I became almost normal after the very last fright occasioned by two members of the party (girls, of course) failing to arrive until two minutes before the departure of the train from Central.

At Nowra we sailed into a large, expensive car and luxuriated all the way to Drury's. Next morning, over a carpet of frost, we trotted to see Mr. Drury and from him received directions with a recurring theme, "you can't go wrong"..... Then came descriptions of the "rungbarked trees" which have become about as famous as the Leaning tower of Pisa (but not so obvious to the naked eye) and, with further assurances that we couldn't get lost, we set out to put the matter to the test.

The track immediately did some strange twistings which evaporated a little of our self-esteem, but were shortly able to smile again and, with Pigeon House towering unmistakably above us, even a modicum of boasting seemed safe. To our sorrow, we were unable to find any way up this mountain but the usual one; the view in the perfect weather which held for the whole trip was magnificent.

At Yadbora junction several of the party would insist on inspecting the shack although we, with a better sense of values, pointed out that they could spend all their spare week-ends in town inspecting a quarter of a million dwellings of all descriptions, and even do so by car if agents could be found to consider them bona-fide. However, balm for our injured spirits was provided on their return by oranges - something for nothing being a really genuine panacea.

Our campsite that night was situated among lovely trees right under Castle Mountain, which looked very inspiring and formidable. There ensued an orgy of cooking, of which a choice of three porridges for breakfast is a sample. Our Prospective dashed off numerous pieces of de resistance with an air of abandon-born-of-knowledge really intended to cover ignorance of what the result might be. There is, however, no answer to success.

On Sunday we had, of course, to split up into platoons, bands, companies, knots and groups to look for the "rungbarked trees" and various other contiguous signs of the track up Wog Wog Mountain. Alas, no trees answering to what we thought the probable description did we see, so we sat down to lunch with the intention of climbing at that very spot. A short climb, and we soon discovered that we were on the correct ridge and had apparently been overlooked eating our lunch by rung-barked trees on all sides, with primary and secondary signs and supporting evidence in serried ranks just waiting to be recognised.

With sighs of satisfaction (or short wind or something) we reached the top and

were delighted with the panorama, which revealed country not visible from Pigeon House. Even more delightful were the slabs of mountains framed in the trees as we climbed.

Camp was pitched not far from the top of the range and here beginneth the second orgy.

The car was to meet us on Monday at the Corang River Bridge at 3 p.m. so, not content with leaving camp at nearly ten o'clock, we climbed up Corange Mountain, instead of taking the easy way down Wog Wog Creek, and were confronted with nightmarish country if one's time is limited. A Most extensive cyclorama unfolds itself from Corange - deep gorges, rock walls, shallow valleys in the west and fantastic sandstone formations. Quite near us, rising from the plateau, was a point known as "The Peak" and like a miniature Pigeon House. Though this promised an even better view, we felt ourselves unable to spare the time necessary to climb it.

With our usual good luck, we picked the right ridge - a long one which finally dropped into a tributary of the Corang - and shortly afterwards we came upon the Harts, who had been visited by the last party from the Club.* Only eight miles to do now in an hour and a half - what a relief! - and, though unfed, we arrived for our tryst a mere half hour late. Our driver deposited us on the station ten minutes before the train left.

* Easter 1941.

CLUB GOSSIP.

Our old friend and ex-President, Harold Chardon, recently acquired another pip and is now a Lieut. Colonel. Congratulations, Harold!

What's a pip anyway? The other evening Geoff Parker strolled into Cahills wearing two stripes, and, as we had just sent his magazine off to "Gunner Parker", Dorothy hastened over to apologise and ask, "should it have been 'Bombardier' or 'Corporal'?" Geoff said, "Corporal, but it doesn't matter at all; probably it will be changed again soon for something either higher or lower". So far Geoff has been a gunner, bombardier, driver, trooper and corporal - and the very next Friday night he walked into the Clubroom wearing a Sergeant's three stripes! 'Owz 'at?

Did you hear that Wilbur Morris recently visited Brisbane? Hitch-hiked up there quite comfortably but found petrol rationing had so reduced the traffic by the time he was coming back that he had to do quite a lot of walking...Too bad!

Recently heard also of another old member who has not been seen for some time - "Dolly" Rennie - she has been doing "the usual". Yes, on June 7th she was married to Mr. Jack Scarlett. Best Wishes.

More exciting from our point of view is the re-appearance on the track of Doris Allden, also of Betty Pryde. One Sunday recently Betty was so enthusiastic about the official walk that she arrived at the starting point by taxi!

AT OUR OWN MEETING.

Only one new member, Miss Joyce Ford, was welcomed at the July meeting. We were told afterwards that she returned to her seat, Constitution in hand, asking Was she expected to read it all - and was told if she stayed to the end of the meeting she would probably know more about that Constitution than if she read it for six months. Yes, it was a real, old-time meeting, at the end of which the Hon. Secretary asked that someone would write a description to Jack Debert and tell him "The Club's not dead yet".

The fun did not start until about 9 o'clock for there was a lot of routine business to be put through first; only one lot of General Business was dealt with and the meeting did not close until 10.45 p.m.! At first the new member was noticed to be looking a bit dazed as the wordy battle raged to a running fire of points of order, but later she seemed to enjoy herself just as much as everyone else did. She should certainly know something about Section 5 of the Constitution now! And the powers of the Committee! And a bit of Club history!

Members are reminded that we get these free nights' entertainments at the Club every now and then, so why stay away from business meetings even if we do have to listen to reports and correspondence as well. From the latter we learned in July that Geoff Parker is again on the Active Members' List, while the **Moroneys** (Marion and Eric) and the Johnstons (Jinnie and Bill) have transferred to the Non-Active List; Arthur Salmon has changed his address again; and Evelyn Higinbotham is enjoying Suva; while Barney is seeking reinforcements for the Burning Palms Surf Club.

If anyone would like to spend a week or so in August or September at Hazelbrook picking hyacinths and daffodils, Hon. Sec. Jean Moppett can tell them someone who will pay them for doing so.

If you would rather buy a property at Upper Burragorang, "Jimmie" James has written to say she wants to sell "Golden Cliffs."

The President announced the decision of the Committee regarding the Tidy Campsites Slide Competition:-

Entries are to be for suggestions for slides, not finished slides; each entry is to be submitted in a sealed envelope accompanied by another sealed envelope containing the competitor's name (mark it "name" so the right one will be opened for judging) and each pair of envelopes will be numbered by the Hon. Secretary when received. The judging will be done at the September Committee Meeting (first Friday in the month) and the award will be made at the Half-Yearly Meeting (second Friday in September).

You have your ideas, of course, now get them onto paper -- they may be worth half a guinea.