

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
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APPRECIATION AND ANTICIPATION

Since reading the September issue of "Into The Blue" we are looking forward to perhaps someday seeing a C.M.W. facing a savage dog. Mr. F.S. Stuart, in "Vagabond", has been quoted to our friends of the Coast & Mountain Walkers as recommending the following method:-

"He relates how, when walking boldly up a cottage path, he heard the deep bay of a dog and saw a fierce looking airedale bounding to meet him --

'Instantly I turned my back on him, bent swiftly down, and looked at him through my legs. He stopped in his tracks, barked uneasily and then slunk away behind the house. Nor was he exceptional; the sight of the human face upside down so unnerves the average dog that he will keep to his kennel for hours and will retire to it immediately he smells his opponent at any future date, even if it is years later. I have proved this often and will guarantee it against any dog, save an alsatian or a dog fed on raw meat.'"

Tuggie is wondering whether bulls would re-act in the same way -- but is going to let the C.M.W. try it on the dog first!

FEDERATION NOTES

At Eight-hour Week-end a party from the River Canoe Club energetically paddled round the Hawkesbury and its tributaries at a part where there are no rapids - the Windsor/Cattai Creek area. Through their Club they have now written to the Federation complaining that South Creek was practically choked with water hyacinth, logs and other driftwood, all tangled together in a lovely mess. As they consider that the water hyacinth in its present state is a positive menace to the railway bridge at Mulgrave they have asked the Federation to report it to the authorities, and letters are being written to the Windsor Shire and the Minister for Local Government.

At the October meeting delegates were in a very demanding mood. The Acting Secretary was instructed to write to the Forestry Commission for a reply to a previous letter and to ask for an assurance that the top of Mt. Coricudgy would be re-afforested if the Commission permitted timber-cutting there; also to write to the Minister for Lands (in support of the Parks & Playgrounds Movement) and ask for the reservation of the Crown Land on both sides of Shot Machine Creek which his Department was proposing to sell as 27 Building blocks.

Following on the official report from the C.M.W. on the misadventures of a party of its members during Eight-hour week-end, the Acting Secretary was given the job of writing to the Water Board, the Health Department, and the Manager of the Caves House words to this effect, "The water in Harry's River is bad; please see if you can do anything to reduce its badness."

Another delegate had evidence of initial-cutting that could definitely be sheeted home to scouts, so -- another letter to go to the Boy Scouts Association.

The Acting Secretary hopes the Hon. Secretary had had a good holiday, and that she will soon be back!

The Conservation Bureau also is doing some letterwriting and requesting about sundry areas of Crown lands that bushwalkers think should be reserves.

Once more the Federation has a Convenor of its Publicity Bureau. Mrs. Huntley-Tucker was elected at the October meeting - and next month the Federation is going to elect itself a Publicity Bureau. This is an annual job.

"The Bushwalker" for 1941 will eventually come out in spite of all tribulations - and they have been many. It has had no Advertising Manager at all this year. The Assistant Editor has been ill since about a month after he was appointed, and he first went to hospital just after the Editor had departed on his honeymoon! However, since his return Rae Else-Mitchell has worked very hard on the magazine, and had things well in hand when he had to resign owing to pressure of business. His resignation has been accepted with regret and Jim Somerville has been elected Editor in his stead.

When you add the usual amount of routine business, do you wonder delegates felt they had done a good hour and a half's work?

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HAVE GOODMAN BROTHERS ENLARGE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS !

LETTERS FROM THE LADS - No.8 from Oliver Moriarty.

Dear "Dunc", I have received the S.B.W. letter of 3rd June which follows on numerous gifts of booklets and papers. You ask for suggestions - well I can think of nothing better than real S.B.W. photos of bush life. Everyone here asks about our bush and most of them have never seen a "billycan". Walking is quite a pastime here, even in wartime as there are many old enough to walk but too young for Service. The equipment is much the same except for cooking utensils as there are few parts of this country where one can light a fire and cook.

My week's holiday this year was spent at Carlisle and I had a day walking around the lakes. By bus and train and foot I saw Ullswater, The Brothers' Water, Windermere, Grassmere and Derwentwater and some others all in one day. England is looking very beautiful at present (August) in its summer suit of rich green. I am writing from Haslemere in the south of England. It is a pleasant place among high wooded hills.

Have just returned from two weeks in the West of Scotland in the Loch Lomond district and the nearby seas. But that was not a pleasure trip although the weather was delightful when it was not thick mist.

A few days ago I was in London and called to Australia House where I met Mrs. Bruce and some kind ladies who run a voluntary service for the Forces - next time up I must present your Canteen Order there.

My duties now take me everywhere here by land, air and sea and the British Isles are beautiful, but how I long for the sunshine of home and what a happy day it will be to sail up Sydney Harbour again.

Although Jerry is well tied up in Russia we still have short sharp air raids with bombs on people's homes and families wiped out or injured, but it is a great relief that the really heavy raids have ceased.

I send kindest remembrances to all old friends in the Bushwalkers and to those who have joined up since I left and hope it will not be long before we have a happy re-union by the light of the campfire. We must have a special "Victory Re-Union"!

To you I send special thanks for your kindness and trouble in sending the letters to we wandering ones.

With all kindest wishes,

Ever Yours,

Morrie.

Dunk has Morrie's address if any of you want to write to him; or she will be glad to forward him any messages in her next Bushwalkers' Services Committee letter. This goes not only for Morrie but for all the other Lads in the Fighting Forces.

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THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

S A Y S

SEE HERE BELOW

EVENTS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

November 21st (Friday)	8.15 p.m.	MR. STEPHEN MACINDOE who has just returned from America will tell us about AMERICAN NATIONAL PARKS and illus- trate his talk with coloured slides.
December 2nd (Tuesday)	8 p.m.	THE CONCERT at HISTORY HOUSE 8 Young Street (Near Circular Quay) <u>Tickets 2/-.</u>
December, 16th (Tuesday)	6.30 p.m.	CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY at MOSMAN ROWING CLUB HALL, MOSMAN BAY.

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WHAT EVERY BUSHWALKER SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE CONCERT.

This spectacular event is to be held at HISTORY HOUSE in the very attractive Hall of the Royal Australian Historical Society.

There is luxuriously upholstered seating accommodation for 180 to 190 people, so BUY YOUR TICKETS EARLY to avoid disappointment. Sales will be cash and admittance by ticket only. "No money, no ticket: no ticket, no seat."

SUPPER of coffee and biscuits will be served in the Historical Society's Council Room, for the very reasonable sum of 6d per person.

REHEARSALS are a hub of activity and don't forget it's an

ALL STAR CAST!

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WHAT EVERY BUSHWALKER SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY.

Looking for some place COOL AND DIFFERENT, we thought of the MOSMAN ROWING CLUB'S HALL and, after various inquiries and conferences, we have managed to acquire it for our party, and hope everyone will like it.

All you have to do is CATCH A M O S M A N B O A T to MOSMAN WHARF. walk across a small Bridge and presto! there you are! The hall is built right over the water and opens onto a balcony where the sea breeze always blows.

We are negotiating with several firms about the important matter of FOOD AND DRINK and promise something specially good,

Finally, in compliance with many requests, we will EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY in SHORTS or SPORTSWEAR.

IMPROVED COLOUR-PHOTO PROCESSING at GOODMAN BROS.

The success of our Dufaycolour-drive has enabled us to greatly improve our colour-processing equipment. As a rule, we shall in future be able to deliver Dufay films left with us for developing within 48 hours. The brilliance of the colours is being commended over and over again by our customers. Don't forget: the bush is at its best as regards colour at this time of the year.

Blue-toning of black and white photographs has become the great fashion - rightly so, because many pictures look so much nicer in blue. Try it once and you will like it, too.

To say nothing of the "ordinary" services of our developing and printing laboratory: Fine grain developing (own special developer formula), contact printing, first class individual enlarging, colouring, copying, etc.

And we again remind you of our optometrical department for up-to-date scientific correction of any eyesight troubles.

GOODMAN BROS. PHOTO SUPPLIES, 20, Hunter Street, City.
(opposite Wynyard).

CAMPSITES ON NORTHERN RIVERS

By E.G.

With most of us, when we look back on a trip it is the campsites that come to mind with most affectionate recollection. During the year we make camp in the dark, get up at dawn - if you walk with the folks I do - and rarely have time to fully enjoy your camp. But the annual holiday is different. You set out to be leisurely, to make early camps, and to break camp according to inclination or necessity.

We had some delightful camps up north. Always plenty of wood, always good water, glorious trees and shrubs, ferns and berries.

We liked the Nulla and had two pleasant camps there. The first night the farmer's wife joined us and entertained us with stories of the valley when first they settled. We hoped that, sitting with us by the campfire, she would have some understanding of why we spent our holiday as we did.

After climbing over Gomera Pass we had glorious campsites on Five Day Creek. Bushwalkers, we recommend you most heartily to go to Five Day Creek! You will find there a lovely, gushing stream, beautiful trees, ferns, shrubs and all manner of semi-tropical vegetation; and the higher you go up the creek the lovelier it is. We spent a day wandering upstream and back without packs. As we tramped leisurely along the cow pads that ran beside the creek we could not but feel that here was perfection in walking.

Throughout the trip one of the features of our camps was our hot baths. It was May and we did not relish swimming in the creeks. Having bathed in Dorothy's canvas basin, we would execute war dances around enormous fires, and would have presented an extraordinarily primitive scene had there been anyone to see it.

From Five Day Creek we climbed Tellygram Range. This was a glorious ridge and all the way we were accompanied by the calls of the bell-birds, and provided at every rise with new and lovely views.

At Diamond Flat we had expected to be extremely cold, having been warned that it was exposed and bleak, and also having climbed about 2,000 ft., from the Creek. However, we rigged a large sheet of iron behind the fire (same having at one time apparently formed part of the wall of a shack) and, despite a very cold and boisterous wind, managed to keep warm and comfortable. The following day we climbed Gunnawalla Range and from this ridge also we had wonderful views, which were an indication of what we might expect once we reached Point Lookout.

Arrived at Point Lookout we sought out the home of Mr. & Mrs. Mosely and were pleased to find that the supplies we had sent ahead had arrived safely. We cannot speak too highly of the kindness and hospitality meted out to us by the Moseleys. After a short talk, however, we left them that first afternoon and dashed out to see the view from Point Lookout; the actual lookout is about two miles from the Ranger's home and we were anxious to see the view whilst visibility was good. This view has been described by other walkers, and it really is magnificent. You look over the ridges to the plains and away some forty miles to the coast. You see the river beds, and the courses of the creeks, and it is more fascinating than any map could be to trace where you have come and

where you are going. The view takes in the Nambucca, the Bellinger(both arms) and the Macleay Rivers.

We were now some five thousand feet above sea level and chose our campsite with care, finally finding a spot that was reasonably sheltered and not too damp, with a creek easy of access. Our only misfortune on the trip was experienced here on the following evening. We were preparing our tea in a howling gale while large and ominous clouds scurried across the sky, and casting an eye now and again at a streaky, vivid sunset, when, to our horror, a large stick fell from a tree and tore through Betty's tent. We had had some showers in the afternoon and the tents were soaking wet. Despite Dorothy's efforts, it was impossible to make that tent any-way water-tight as the "sticko" would not stick on the wet material. Then, to my delight, Dorothy suggested taking advantage of an offer made by Mr. Moseley on our arrival, that we use his barn. I had been privately thinking of this all along but thought the others might think me a little "sissy". However, as soon as tea was over, we gathered up our belongings - it rained intermittently - and in the dark, with trees swaying threateningly towards us in the fierce gale and ground-sheets blowing everywhere, we staggered to the Moseley home. We had been invited to call down and spend the evening with them, but no doubt they were a bit surprised when we arrived in this terrific weather, and complete with all our gear. It was good to hear their hospitable welcome, get into dry clothes, and gather around the fire. We talked for hours, ate a supper of cakes and scones prepared by Mrs. Moseley (you know how these things taste in the middle of a trip) and then retired to our barn, where we spent a dry and comfortable night on a bed of cornsacks.

We spent some days at Point Lookout, exploring the creeks, admiring the waterfalls, and talking to the Moseleys. Then, regretfully, we left them and took a splendid ridge down to the Bellinger. This ridge is about twelve miles long and you get glimpses of the Lookout itself all the way, ever growing more and more impressive as you get down closer to the river.

That night we camped under trees and shrubs and on ground that was hard caked mud. It did not look very hospitable but the vegetation was thick and tropical and the only available campsite in the open was very damp and frosty. However, we gathered bracken and made beds and in the firelight our camp was hospitable enough. And what a good campsite it proved to have been! Next morning we had the most marvellous entertainment by all sorts of birds and felt that we were camped in the midst of one of nature's aviaries. I spent several hours stretching my neck in all directions, watching the birds. (I might mention that my interest in these birds was a source of satisfaction to my companions, who always blamed me for early starts. Early being anywhere from 8 until 10).

That morning was rather difficult. We spent several hours walking in the Bellinger River and it was not exactly warm. However, the banks were lined with all manner of stinging and prickling things and it was far easier to paddle. Happily, in the early afternoon we reached the first farms and cattle pads. From there the Bellinger proved pleasant walking in the higher regions, but we had lost our hearts to Five Day Creek and I don't think any of us were nearly as impressed with the Bellinger as we expected to be.

One could almost write a book about a fortnight's trip - and probably it would only interest oneself - but I hope this article has been sufficient to give an idea of the country we passed through. Only two other parties from our Club have visited it so far. Everywhere we were objects of friendly interest and curiosity as these folks had not had girl "hikers" through their valleys before. On several occasions we were supplied with milk, and everywhere were oranges to which we were invited to help ourselves. It was good to have fresh fruit supplied en route. We had lots of chats with the local people, who were always interested and helpful, and an article could almost be written on some of our encounters. However, that is another story.

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Trip - Kempsey, Macleay River, Mulla Nulla Creek, Five Day Creek, Diamond Flat, Point Lookout, Bellinger River, Thora, Raleigh.

Party - (alphabetically Ed.) Grace Edgecombe, Edna Garrad (leader Ed.) Dorothy Lawry and Betty Pryde.

AT OUR OWN MEETINGS.

Just before 11 p.m. on September 13th the Half-yearly Meeting was adjourned to the night of, but before, the October meeting. When the President opened proceedings at eight o'clock on October 11th the attendance was so small that the Half-yearly Meeting was further adjourned to the close of the October Monthly Meeting. At 8.45 p.m. we came back to the Half-yearly Meeting with a much better attendance.

Here are some notes on the two meetings.

One new member - John Noble - was welcomed, and we learned from the correspondence that one of our women members - Marjorie Price - is now on service with the Navy and so has had her subscription waived.

To save paper, postage and work for the Hon. Secretary, all Non-Active Members are being advised that in future ordinary notices will not be sent to them. They will receive the Annual Report only - unless, of course, they care to subscribe to this magazine.

At the first half of the Half-yearly Meeting Irving Calnan was elected a Substitute Delegate to the Federation. Just before the close of the second half he announced regretfully that, although he had found the September Federation Meeting most interesting, he had to resign from the position and ask the Club to elect someone else because he has been called up for military service for the duration. Laurie Rayner was elected in Irving's place.

The suggested alteration to the Constitution of which notice had been given by Alan Hardie lapsed because he was not present to move it.

Dorothy's Lawry's two motions for modernising the Constitution went through

smoothly, but Jean Moppett's motion induced a really parliamentary atmosphere. After a lot of plain speaking, and a fair amount of mud-clinging from many directions, the motion was passed by the necessary three-quarters majority and is now part of the Constitution.

Some years ago the Committee then in office adopted a motto for itself which probably was even then an integral part of the spirit of the Club. This was something that had emerged very clearly from the frank discussions at the Half-yearly Meeting. The motto is "I wun't be druv."

WILL YOU CHANGE TWO LETTERS FOR TWO DAYS?

We have all heard of the S.B.W. that "It is a WALKING Club".

If you have read your new walks programme, you will have seen that on the last week-end in November Maurie Berry hopes to lead a WORKING Bee to the Blue Gum Forest. You can help make his hopes come true, and at the same time have a jolly good week-end, so -- see Maurie Berry and join the Working Party.

A FISH YARN FROM THE BARRIER REEF

from Wal Roots.

As evening fell we changed over our gear for ground fishing and soon we were amongst them. Mine was the first line over the side and to me fell the honour of the first bite. The sinker had only just hit the bottom when the whole issue got up and walked. I was using a rod and comparatively light gear and was by no means able to handle what had decided to have a go at me. What it was we will never know for after twenty minutes of the most strenuous fight I have ever had, the thing decided to sit down strike and no power I could bring to bear would alter his decision. No one else could fish whilst this performance was in progress so we decided to end the strike by tying the line to the rail of the boat and letting the boat drift. Something had to go; the line turned out to be the weakest line and to this day a goodly length of it is careering around the bottom of the coral seas attached to something mighty big.

For an hour or more thereafter we pulled in all manner of fish - Emperor, Sweetlip, Coral Cod and etc., from two pounds up to twenty five. Golly it was grand!

We had our tea in patches, at least I did, for as soon as I went to the cabin and took a mouthful, my ratchet would scream and perforce I had to bound out onto the deck and add another to the steadily mounting pile.

After tea, one of the boys brought a fish head aboard, the rest of the fish having parted company on the way up. We thought we were going to be worried by sharks and did not like the prospect. However it was not sharks, but, we think, my old cobber who was causing the bother. Shortly after this, another of the lads was bringing a fish up when something big grabbed it and

ran for cover. He was fishing with a hand line and a mighty heavy one too, so he laid back with his feet against the rail and tried to skull drag his catch to the surface. He had no chance. When that fish decided to go back from whence he had come, he just went and if they had tried to stop him they would have had a swim.

For half an hour that fish played ducks and drakes with them and even then they did not land him. Eventually they pulled the original catch out of his tummy and brought it aboard. It was an Emperor of about five pounds weight and it bore plentiful evidence of the hectic time it had had. It was marked from head to tail with the teeth marks of the cannibalistic something which had taken it in tow.

We had no intention of allowing this sort of thing to continue, so rigged up the shark hook - a whopper complete with chain and all mod.cons. - onto the turtle harpoon line. The turtle line, I might mention, is a rope of approximately half an inch diameter and has a breaking strain, I should say, in excess of half a ton. As an inducement to our friend of down under, we skewered onto the hook a tiddler of seven or eight pounds or so and then let her go with our blessing.

The blessing was well done, for in a surprisingly short time our tiddler found his way into the engine room of something with a burning desire to leave those parts for fields green and pastures new. Three of the boys were on our end and worked with a vigour and enthusiasm which did them great credit. They recovered fifty yards or so of line, then it got the wind up and BRITZZZZ With a rush that pulled the three boys into a heap on the rail, the fish ran off double as much line as they had recovered, whilst the lads made feverish efforts to stop the run. They stopped him and turned him and fought him with varying fortunes for three quarters of an hour and were just about all in at the end of that time.

As you can well imagine, the excitement on the boat was intense and each move of the fish was followed with heart beats up and down. By the end of the abovementioned time the boys were beginning to wish they had not caught the bally thing and no doubt the bally thing was beginning to have regrets of the same kind (only on the other side). Thus there was very little mutual regret when the hook pulled out of the jaw bone of the whatever it was, allowing life to resume its normal tempo once again.

Just the same, we would have given a lot to have seen what it was. No doubt can exist as to the fact that it was one of the titans of the Barrier Reef. Any fish that can at will make three men of more than average strength appear as but the merest weaklings could not by any standards be judged a tiddler.

Mr. Lilliput, a well known member of the bushwalking fraternity walked into my consulting room the other day. Placing his rucksack on the table in front of me, he held forth at length, on all his signs and symptoms. It appeared that the rucksack, a tried and trust companion, had of late become irksome on the shoulders, resulting in a stiff neck and being generally uncomfortable. Placing my stethoscope in the "Ready for Action" position, I asked the patient to say "99" in my best professional manner.

After a short examination I diagnosed the trouble as "Acute Maladjustment of the Harness Shoulder Straps." This was quickly amended and Mr. Lilliput went on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Lilliput's case is surprisingly common and I have found that even experienced walkers do not understand the correct adjustment of their best friend, the steel framed rucksack. These are supplied with adjustment of three places on the harness. The purpose of these is to be able to adjust the rucksack when leather stretches.

The front strap is to lower or raise the frame to a comfortable position.

The strap at the top of the frame is to keep the frame close to the harness and so close to the back of the neck.

The strap at the base of the frame is to keep the buckle of No.2 strap close to the frog, which is the leather socket attached to the bag.

When you are carrying the rucksack and the brace straps at the back are loose it is time to adjust No.3 strap.

Other common faults are taking the weight of the rucksack on the flap strap by buckling it too tight. The weight is meant to be taken by the cord,

Lifting the rucksack by the flap is another sure way to tear the flap.

A little drop of castor or olive oil or dubbin preserves and softens straps. This is needed particularly near the buckles. With chrome leather this is unnecessary. Neatsfoot oil rots the stitching and is not advisable to be used.

Carrying tins in the outside pockets will always wear out the pockets in record time. If you must carry tins, carry them in the back pockets, not in the side.

A few moments spent in adjusting straps and packing correctly, will save some hours on a trip and add considerably to your enjoyment.

If this advice doesn't enable you to fix your troubles, the only thing to do is to take the rucksack to "Paddy's" - Where the "Paddy-made" Camping Gear comes from.

F. A. PALLIN,

327 George Street

SYDNEY

CLUB GOSSIP

At the end of September Betty Mack (C.M.W.) and Basil Dickinson (S.B.W.) were married, and we join their other friends and clubmates in wishing them All The Best.

Stan Lumsden has not been seen in the Club Room for a long time. We thought it was study on top of work that was keeping him away. Now we hear that really it was a boat and a girl friend. Stan is engaged to Miss Hazel Brown, so don't forget to congratulate him next time you see him. Good sailing, Stan!

Our hardworked Secretary, Jean Moppett, and her equally hardworked Assistant, Jessie Martin, took a week off last month and went to Carlon's for a holiday. At the same time half the magazine staff was there, viz namely to wit Jean West and Brian Harvey, so the Carlons should be right up-to-date on all bushwalking news.

That reminds us -- Have YOU heard that--(i) there was only one small pool of murky water on Mt. Solitary at Eight-hour Week-end in spite of the heavy fall of snow on the Blue Mountains earlier in the week. The swamp at Singajinglewell was bone dry. (2) Two C.M.W. parties had a bad time that week-end. Seventeen out of a total of twenty of them drank Harry's River water and became violently ill. The three who drank from Mumbedah Creek were all right and had to go to Carlons and get horses to bring some of the girls out from Harry's River, and then to Kirby's to get a car to come from Blackheath for the party. Those who could not fit in the car and who thought they were well enough to walk are said to have taken five hours to get to Katoomba. That shows how weak they were! (3) Another party of walkers suffered after drinking the Cox's River water at the junction of Breakfast Creek and (4) some scouts who camped by Kedumba Creek drank it in coffee and were ill.

Until the drought really breaks, everybody should play safe and BOIL ALL DRINKING WATER.

George Dibley's many friends were delighted to see him in the Club Room again recently. He has quite recovered from the bout of pneumonia he had and is looking very well.

Brian Harvey came back from Carlons' with word that: there has been an alteration in mail times at Megalong Post Office and those lucky people who stay at Carlons' should note that mails now arrive at Megalong on Tuesdays and Fridays at about 2 p.m. and leave at about 3.30 p.m. the same day. Also -

The Wild Dogs are bone-dry and water should be carried. There is still water at Corral Swamp and Glen Raphael, and a trickle at Diamond Falls. Galong Creek is dry for about one mile up from the Cox's River and Breakfast Creek for about two miles, and both creeks are falling rapidly. However, Kanangra, Harry's and Little Rivers are still flowing nicely, but ALL DRINKING WATER SHOULD BE WELL BOILED.

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EIGHT-HOUR WEEK-END ON PORT HACKING

by Stoddy Junior.

Friday the third of October found two adventurous females careering down to Lilli Pilli Point in an overloaded 'bus on a night of spring-freshness and promising warmth. Scheduled to meet the Canoe Club in their camp at Canoeists Cove on the Saturday afternoon, we could not bear to spend a night of our toil-won freedom within reach of thought or sound of the work-a-day world.

So we rooted round L.P.Pt. and found a heap of long grass under a small casuarina, and curled up in it, chins propt to gaze out over the still water lit by the risen moon. Small golden pathways quivered and danced towards us from the headlands opposite, and the Spirit moved me to drone through endless poems while May half listened, half dreamed, and presently slid down to gentlest slumber while the moonlight etching long shadow lines across her cheek from her tranquil last. Unwilling to close my eyes, bemused by the music of the "water lapping with low sounds along the shore", I strove with Sleep, and listened to the soft echoes of dipping oars and distant laughter, and glimpsed fish leaping like spun quicksilver to spread a darkling ripple on the dusky surface of the bay, till all too soon I succumbed to that insistent creeping drowsiness which heightens the charm of wakefulness.

In the morning we woke to an altered scene. In a semi-circle below our tent five rowing boats were being manoeuvred into their positions for the morning fishing. Their contents stared up at our abode with interest and commentative speculation. We eyed them in some concern, thinking of our packs marooned behind us "on yonder rock reclining", covered by a 'sheet, and presently our audience was diverted to espy a bashful pyjama-clad figure emerge, skurry uphill, seize two enormous bundles and, with the expedition of a field-mouse appropriating an ear of wheat, scuttle back to green-draped security,

Later on we nonchalantly proceeded to spread a sumptuous breakfast before their inquisitive eyes, and were duly rewarded by an abrupt and unhappy silence, and a sudden excess of attention to fishing.

Packing up accomplished, our water-charioteers arrived, and we were borne away in merriment across the sparkling wavelets to Canoeists Cove. On a delightful greengrassed point we landed to select a campsite; a matter of some difficulty in so much as there were so many good spots. We chose a slight hollow on a low mound at the extremity of the point, and abdulled our little green 'home-from-home beside a gaunt aspiring casuarina some few feet from the water's edge. A close-cropt sward lay velvet to our barefeet, and beyond, the level sunlit bay flashed blue and silver and palest gold, bounded by those contrasting dull green headlands of which your Australian bush-lover becomes so lastingly enamoured.

Crisp Nile-green lettuce and rose-red 'marto berries were then heaped in shining silver dishes, and from the sober billy, lid a-tilt, steamed forth a wisp of grey, delicately aromatic.

The deep somnolent silence of noon descended like a spell to the sun-drenched scene; the water became glassy, and the heat intense and gratifying.

In the haze of the distance specks appeared which, at first slowly, then with windmilling rapidity, materialized into approaching canoes. In twos and threes they came sliding to the cove, where the quietness gave joyous place to shouts of laughter "gay badinage and airy persiflage", and the Canoe Club had arrived! Soon the green of the point was splashed with the white and honey-colour of tents, and the bright costumes of it's increasing multitude of inhabitants.

One found his tent erected for him in a deep hollow towards which the rain-water from the whole point might be expected to converge. Amid gaiety and pungent wit he re-erected it.

Canoes shot off on jolly little voyages, ere long returning for a change of crew or a short-lived rest.

One canoe sported a flippant saillet, scudding nautilus-like about the reach, a moment distant, small as a blown petal, a moment nodding mischievously close to the wave-splashed rocks about the point.

Small drifts of smoke eventually heralded the arrival of dusk, and May and I followed a little path which led us to a waterfall, whereunder proved obtainable a cool refreshing shower. There was a long deep cave beside, whose roof showed traces of many an ancient cooking-fire. Happily picking my way back over the innumerable broken shells, half buried in black loamy soil, I fancied that perhaps, even now, I traced the careless path of some busy little lubra scampering back to the mia-mia to prepare good things to eat. I wonder if perhaps she stood, that untroubled daughter of the forgotten past, whose heritage I now enjoy, gazing out over the dimming inlet, her dark curls lifted by the evening wind, and her eyes straining to catch a glimpse of black swans floating, or awaiting the reappearance of a cormorant's snaky head above the surface, while the darkness gradually evened the heights and hollows, and the thick casuarinas sighed over the glowing campfire.

Sunday fled by as quickly as Saturday, with it's hilarious firelight corroborree; and Monday danced to a salt tang close as the loaded canoes glided smoothly homeward with unwilling burdens.

We drew across black satin, while the paddles spoke sibilently to the gurgling wake, and a tremendous chrome yellow moon drifted up over etched headlands. A tiny gleaming star shone over it's head, and leaped in fitful reflection towards us on the water followed by an elongated chinese lantern of liquid gold.

Black and sovereign gold, stardust on deepest blue, and the music of our swift movement. A perfect ending to a glorious week-end.

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CRIME MAY BE MADE TO PAY.

by "Ubi".

I was born in the little town of ---- in the State of ---- in the year 1----. My earliest recollection is of Papa saying to Mamma "We shall have to move on, dear, the landlord is pressing for the rent. Suppose we go to ---- and be Mr. and Mrs. Darley-Waters." No doubt from this circumstance, I soon appreciated the cloak of pseudonymity which enables one to put on paper one's worst sins without ever being found out, except by the editress. (Editresses being generally even lower characters may be kept quiet by blackmail). Since my first apparently innocent but symbolic step in writing a ghost story for "S-nbe-ms" under the name of "Malcolm the Murderous" I have, I fear, made steady progress up the downward path.

Nevertheless some must have crime thrust upon them for this story begins by my forgetting the map when I set out on that "official" on which I proposed to drop from Guouogang onto the Kanangra River.

After a lovely walk to Breakfast Creek I was pleased to be able to crawl into the tent of the advance guard for what remained of the night. We arose next morning at the hour planned, but on seeing a very soupy sky I felt quite confident that conditions would deteriorate and, having satisfied our consciences by starting, we should be able to abandon the trip and return to camp. We toiled up the ridge and along the ridge, over the saddles and up the rocks and were about ten minutes' walk from Mt. Jenolan when down came a thick mist. I was very sorry for my companion, who was visiting the mountain for the first time, but I did not attach any blame to myself for this particular misfortune. However, we continued our trek hoping something would happen, but, except for a temporary clearing on the Mumbedah side, the mist just hung in the breathless sky. At Guouogang visibility was still reduced to about twenty yards so we lunched, looking expectantly the while for one of those sudden, miraculous clearances. There were no miracles.

Now I was depending upon seeing the ridge I intended following to Kanangra River. I had not brought even a compass, for one would have been useless to me here without a map. My companion, still apparently with faith in me (poor fellow), wanted to finish the trip so, making the best calculation I could, we went over the side. The ridge was negotiable and took us some way and through the breaks in the mist we could see some of the country. It did not look right but there was only one thing to do and that was to go on. We got into a creek but the undergrowth was so thick that we had to get out again and sidle along the ridge. Thorns of all kinds were most prolific. One vine which I have not seen elsewhere, bearing thorns easily two inches long, particularly forced itself on my attention and several other places. Stinging trees were there in plenty and as we were both stung and, as far as we know, did not become delirious, that theory is exploded. After a while we ventured near the creek again, to find that walking in the bed was now very easy and beautiful. There were signs that we must soon reach the main stream - the water in the creek disappeared, she-oaks lined the banks; we burst through the trees and saw -- the Cox.

At six o'clock camp instead of one at nine or ten as anticipated was not

unwelcome, but it was most annoying to have to wait until we reached home to see where we had been. Mrs. Carlon, from the description and position we gave, said that the creek is known as Cedar Creek.

An examination of the Blue Mountains map showed what ~~we~~ had done to be impossible so, unless we climbed out of one creek into another in the delirium aforesaid, I gather that the map is unreliable in this sector.

The moral of this tale, for moral it must have, is, - never take with you a map or compass for, having got lost, it may otherwise be difficult to find an excuse,

(Editor's Note-- The Author of this article, which has been published exactly as submitted, claims that "Crime Can Be Made To Pay". He does not say what it can be made to pay, and - so far as the Editor can see - this particular crime of carelessly leaving map and compass at home only paid the wages of folly, discomfort and loss of prestige. Readers are, therefore, formally notified that the Editor will not be opening up a blackmailing business as suggested by "Ubi" and they can safely submit contributions under pseudonyms in future just as has been done in the past.)

Blackmail! Fortunes from crime? No! Paddy offered us a much better suggestion when he sent us this quotation from the "S.M.H. of 13/1/40:-

CONTENT

The world is full of fortunes,
But the things I want are these -
A cottage with a hill behind,
A path between the trees;
Bread enough for sharing,
A coat for winter's wearing,
And friendly little beasts to mind,
To keep my heart caring.
Oh, life may take the lave o' things,
If but for me it leaves -
A window towards the morning
With a thrush about the eaves;
Slippers for my rest,
Welcome for my guest,
And the scent of stick burning,
When day goes down the west.

By Ella McFadyen.