

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

No. 86

FEBRUARY, 1942

Price 3d.

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| Editor: | Dorothy Lawry | Business Manager: | Jean West |
| Subscriptions: | Jean West | Art: | Dot English |
| Production: | Jean West. | | |

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B E W A R E !

A Story True But Not Stranger Than Fiction by Ron Eddes.

Once upon a time, way back in the days when we had water, two handsome young men went a walking trip for their holidays.

After ten or eleven days of walking, eating and sleeping in the same clothes, they decided to wash them early one bright, sunny morn. So, proceeding to a nearby brook, they plunged their dirty clothes (including socks, handkerchiefs, and all and sundry small items) in the water to soak while they had breakfast.

Imagine their surprise when, after breakfast, they found only shirts, socks, and shorts left in the pool where they had put them! Imagine their amazement when, on investigating the aforesaid brook, they found the missing articles of wearing apparel feathering the home of the local yabbies!

The moral of this little story should be remembered after the drought breaks, it is:- When leaving clothes in a stream to soak, first make sure that all yabbies have evacuated the district.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

New members welcomed at the January meeting were Paul Barnes, Bill Davis, and Roy Edser, while two other new members who could not attend that night were Joan Kilpatrick and John Hunter.

As Lieut. Bill Whitney is now in the army for the duration, his resignation as Hon. Auditor was accepted with regret. It was decided to ask Mr. Whitney, senior, if he will carry on the job for Bill till the Annual Meeting and election of officers in March.

The highlight of the Social Secretary's Report was the announcement of a profit resulting from the Christmas Party. The amount of this profit was 1¹/₂d!

The Bushwalkers' Services Committee reported the usual two postings a month and that women club members in the services and men in the merchant marine are being added to the mailing list as addresses are received. A new and pleasing feature was the reading by "Dunk" of a number of extracts from the many letters of thanks received from Club members who acknowledged their Christmas parcels, or Christmas Cards, or pictures of the Federation Camp. Some of the lads had been seeing fellow walkers; Ross Easdown had seen Morrie Stephenson; Morrie had seen Bob Savage; and Arthur Austin had seen Dave Kernohan, also Frank Wood, Johnnie's young brother. Bill Burke reported that the arrival of the V.A.D's had caused a great deal of excitement among the troops. He had not seen any of the V.A.D's, but he had seen the barbed wire entanglements round their quarters.

As the Hon. Secretary had ascertained from the Royal Life Saving Society that in the event of an air raid alarm the building would have to be evacuated, two wardens and two deputies were elected to be responsible for the clearance of the Club Room in an orderly manner. Those appointed were the President, the Hon. Secretary, and the two Vice-Presidents.

Four volunteers were elected Room Stewards for the ensuing two months. They were - Alice and Allan Wyborn, Ada Frost, and Doris Allden.

The Hon. Secretary announced that during the month the business Manager had been suddenly whisked off to Melbourne temporarily, and that Jean West had taken over the job during his absence. A vote of appreciation of her action and of the good job she had made of the production of the magazine was carried by acclamation.

Mouldy reported that the electric light has been extended throughout the Waterfall Station buildings as requested by the Federation, and Dorman asked that the Federation move to have Lilyvale made an attended station at week-end. It was decided to have delegates take this up at the next Council meeting.

Remember always -- the only safe fire is a DEAD FIRE.

Places recently swept by bushfires include Patonga and Maitland Bay.

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FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Now it would appear casually that a good map could be readily understood by anyone reasonably literate. It is remarkable, though, how a little experience will improve one's ability to visualise a territory by looking at its topographical symbols reduced to one plane. It is remarkable, also, how much alike two mountains can look, and even more so how unlike one mountain can look from two viewpoints. Looking down from a fire-tower with map in hand is like hunting stars with a chart of the heavens. Those three bright stars in a row, just peeping out from behind a cloud; are they part of Andromeda or the tail of Pegasus? We know one sure way to find out. Take as astronomer with you.

There is also one certain way to avoid getting yourself and your map lost in the mountains. Take a guide.

--W. Paul Hicks in the "M.C.M.Bulletin".

.....

The Mountain Club of Maryland may think that a good plan, and it may work in the U.S.A., but we could tell them of the only sure way to avoid getting lost in the mountains anywhere. -- Stop at home.

Security is mortal's chiefest enemy. -- Wm. Shakespeare.

THE DRYING OF VEGETABLES

Reprinted from an article by R.M. in "The Tararua Trampler" of Wellington N.Z.

Dried vegetables are useful on long trips, being light in weight and adding variety to the diet but, unfortunately, they are not readily obtainable. Last summer, members of a small tramping party successfully dried their own vegetables and found it quite worth while. The dried weight is about one-tenth of their fresh weight.

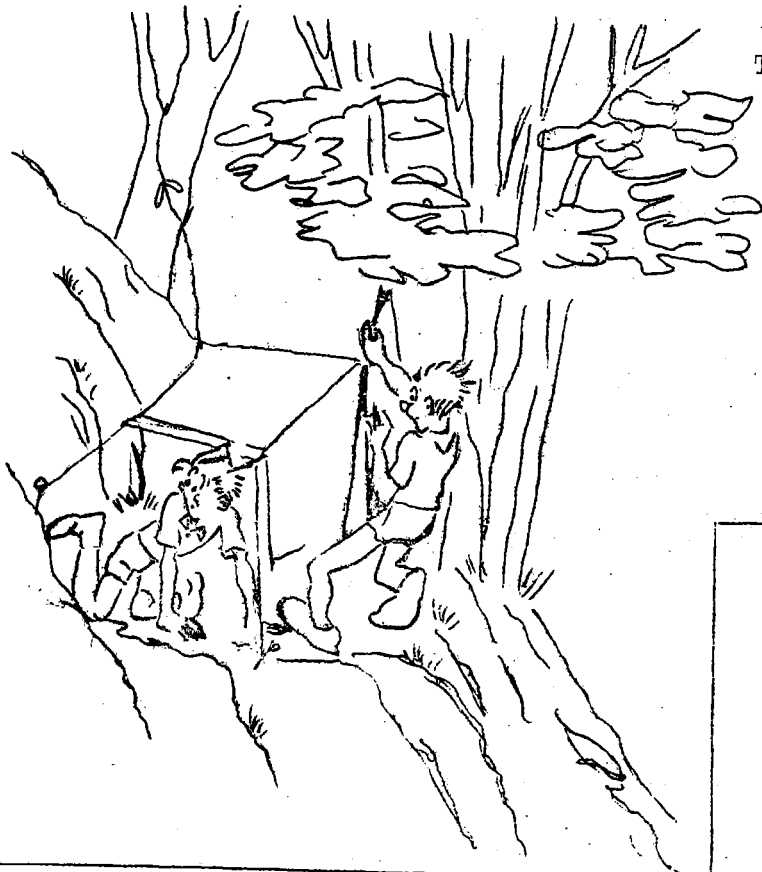
1. Grate or slice the vegetables finely. The finer the slicing, the quicker the drying.
2. Place in a muslin bag and dip immediately in boiling water for 1 to 2 minutes or hold in steam. This softens the vegetables so that they dry more quickly and helps to preserve the flavour. It seems likely that, carried out immediately after cutting the vegetables (within a minute or so), it might prevent loss of vitamin C. This step is omitted when drying onions or tomatoes.
3. Drain the vegetables.
4. Dry in the sun or the oven. a. Sun: The vegetables can be spread on butter-muslin or heavy, clean, brown paper and placed in the sun. A light wind does no harm when the vegetables are first put out but they become very light and easily blown when nearly dry. Turn over now and then. Keep flies away! they seem to find the vegetables very attractive. b. Oven: If the oven is used for drying it must be kept very low, not more than 120-140 deg.F. This is not easy to do, but high temperatures spoil the vegetables, destroy their flavour and tend to cook rather than dry them. The rack above a coal range is a good place for drying.
5. If it is wished, the vegetables may be sulphured by fumigation.
6. Store in air-tight jars. The Vegetables keep well. Carrots dried but not sulphured last Christmas are still good.

The times mentioned in the first four cases are the times found necessary for sun-drying at midsummer when step 2 above was omitted. (Sydney readers will need to remember the difference in climate between Wellington and Sydney.-Ed).
Carrots: Sliced thin, 2 days; grated, 1 day. Flavour fairly good.
Swedes: Treat same as carrots; they take a little longer to dry. Flavour strong.
Green beans: Cut in thin slices. About 2 days. Flavour good.
Tomatoes: Cut firm tomatoes into eighths and spread, with skin side down, on brown paper. Two days. Flavour excellent. Or alternatively, spread the tomatoes as a paste on butter muslin.
Onions: Slice thin. Dip in 5% salt solution for 3 to 5 minutes to reduce darkening.
Potatoes: These were not a success. They rapidly become black as they dry and are most unattractive in appearance. Perhaps sufficient time in boiling water would prevent this.

The vegetables may be used in stews or cooked separately. It is best to soak them in warm water for a quarter of an hour or more before using but this is not necessary in all cases.

BUSH WALKING
GEOMETRY. - Ray Kirkby

The ghost of Stephen Leacock
"walks"



A camp site has position
but no magnitude.

All "Tigers" lie on the
same plane.

A short cut is the longest
distance between two points.

After dinner
two sides of
a Bushwalker
will not
be greater
than the
third side.



A light in a tent may produce a self-evident truth.
Co-leaders will never agree each to each.
Walking may reduce the figure and straighten the curves.
A General Meeting will always go off at a tangent.
To be in the circle of some walkers one must be out of the arc.
To a food faddist a root is a square meal.
The nearer the Axis the lesser the Bushwalking.

DOWN BIMBERI WAY - DECEMBER, 1941.

Extracted from "Ubi's" Diary.

Friday night in a crowded railway carriage was the start of a six-day trip alone. Queanbeyan about 4.30 a.m. with a freezing wind is rather mournful when one is dressed scantily for the summer. It delighted the heart, though, to find numerous trees planted in the streets, which at length began to liven - particularly as regards butchers. Then ensued a series of conversations until breakfast time, in the course of which I was not surprised to learn that the area for which I was bound had had a fall of snow a day or so past.

About 9 o'clock I found the mail car which was to take me to the top of the Brindabella Range, but, in traditional style, it was in no hurry to start. Bread, groceries, papers and mail were piled on but at length we did leave the town, crossed the border into Australian Capital Territory and - by the immediate appearance of numerous lovely trees - knew of the close proximity of Canberra. After a visit to Mt. Stromlo and Cotter Dam, we started up the hill on the Brindabella Road, but it was 1.30 p.m. before we arrived at the Mt. Franklin turn-off.

It was quite a relief to speed along by foot even though, with all available clothes on, I was scarcely warm. The ground was still wet from the melted snow and the first miles were noteworthy for the wild flowers growing in profusion on both sides of the road. About 12 miles out I went looking for Mt. Franklin (5400') and walked up the ski run from the hut to the top. Snow daisies were plentiful and a few patches of snow remained. The view from Franklin is not very extensive but from here the range gradually rises and narrows. The tops and valleys began to remind me of Tasmania - small streams in abundance running into marshy valleys, stunted timber, rocky tops and a general air of soggy dampness. It was difficult to believe that "down below" conditions were almost droughty. A small, green valley in the vicinity of Mt. Ginini seemed to afford a protected camp-site for the night. However, the green-looking pasture proved to be flat only by comparison, having a very sharp slope, and the pasture was a bed of sharp stones between which grew tufts of rank grass. It was very difficult to peg down the tent owing to the rocky nature of the ground; wood was plentiful but wet through and the wind was freezing. My spirits fell to their lowest ebb. Soon after nightfall, however, as on each succeeding day, the wind dropped and I had a very satisfactory night - apparently so tired that I did not even notice the stones.

Sunday. Soon after leaving camp I was delighted to see Mt. Kosciusko and surrounding ranges white with a mantle of snow. Mt. Ginini (5782') I did not climb but Mt. Gingera (6092') provided a similar view. From Gingera a track continues along the range for a few miles, and upon reaching the end of this (the sky being very overcast) I decided to go down to the Cotter, where conditions would be more pleasant in the event of inclement weather. The flats were covered with grass emerald in the oblique light; the river, crystal clear, ran over a pebbly bed. It was idyllic. About midday I reached Cotter House and, finding it deserted, boldly camped about a hundred yards away. After lunch I climb King Rock and was very pleased to receive my first close view of

the Scabby Range, which is more rocky and fascinating - in my opinion - than the slightly higher Bimberi Peaks. At dusk, strolling down to the clearing where the ranger's half-wild horses were galloping around spiritedly, I disturbed many kangaroos which had come down to feed on the more lush grass. Through all this country I was delighted with the complete absence of cattle (my particular bugbear), and the restrictions on firearms, etc. seemed to make wild life very plentiful.

Monday ~~No Monday~~-itis when out walking! I rose sufficiently early to leave camp at six o'clock despite the fact that soya beans were on the menu for breakfast, though I must confess that these had been cooking for several hours the previous night. My itinerary was a day walk to Bimberi and whatever else I could fit in. The climb up to the Gap between Bimberi and Murray is not very steep and many small streams are crossed. From the gap a fair climb and walk still remain before the summit of Bimberi (6274') is gained for the mountain is rather massive, its sides well covered with vegetation with, also a tangle of fallen logs. On the plateau towards the top all the trees incline very acutely towards the north, indicating that the prevailing wind is a stiff southerly. It was a delight to gaze at the panorama from the top and pick out every possible landmark on the map but after half an hour the wind was too cold to be stood longer with comfort. The climb from Cotter House to the top of Bimberi is just about 3,000 ft..

After regaining the gap I ascended Mt. Murray (6040'), a much easier climb than Bimberi and having a more satisfactory summit composed of huge granite boulders, through which the chilly wind whistled so that I played hide and seek behind them.

From Murray I set out for Half Moon Peak (6144') but got into some difficult, thickly-wooded and also swampy country while it commenced to rain. However, I attained the gap and commenced lunch but had to abandon it on account of the cold. After climbing a few hundred feet up Half Moon Peak I abandoned the ascent on account of the violent, cold wind and set off down what I thought to be the Cotter River. Various aspects, however, made me feel uneasy and, after walking for half an hour past an unoccupied house, I was quite sure I was on the wrong river. On regaining the house there was still nobody about but I thought I recognised the mountains opposite as being Bimberi and Murray from a different angle with what looked like a track going up from the river. I therefore decided to use all available light in following up this clue, and in the event of failure to retreat to the house for the night. I was not alarmed by the prospect for there was around sufficient ringbarked timber to keep Hell's temperature up to normal for a year; on the verandah was a pile of bed clothes and a few hens clucked around. After a climb of only three quarters of an hour I found myself once again in Murray Gap and retraced up steps of the morning back to camp, where I arrived at 6.15 p.m.

Tuesday. The ranger still had not put in an appearance so I forgot all my prepared speeches and apologies and anticipated the pleasure of spending my fines myself. It was a beautiful morning and glad I was that I had planned a late start as I wanted to take some photos. I filled in the interval in shaving, scrubbing my pots and pans and also myself. At nine I set off up Licking Hole Creek, along which a track was supposed to run. I could find none, however, though the "going was easy enough. About eleven the country

began to open out into wide, shallow valleys enclosed by mountains, and about midday I pitched my tent in the gap below Mt. Kelly. Around were a number of mountains not marked on the map with interesting and very bold rock formations on them. I climbed one (probably nearly 6,000 ft. high) before lunch to determine which was Mt. Kelly and found the climb rather difficult.

To climb Mt. Kelly (6001') from right beneath the noticeable rockslides near the top is the simplest climb possible—one is unhampered by any undergrowth or precipitous rocks — and the view is quite out of proportion to the labour. It was a perfect day and the cyclorama from the narrow ridge on top, superb. For the rest of the afternoon I contented myself with climbing some of the rock formations on surrounding and lower peaks.

On arriving in camp I had a vision of a day in "town" doing nothing, and such is the attraction of civilisation (when one is not in it) that I decided to come home a day earlier than intended. I virtually burnt my boats that night by having a sumptuous meal from supplies needed now for only one day.

Wednesday. Though I had a long day ahead of me I was unable to leave until 7.30 as more photos had to be taken. Middle Creek proved similar to Licking Hole Creek except that after about three hours I was in the paddocks of Gudgenby Station and soon passed the large green willows around the house to reach the road. It was now a hot day, the country was very dry and the road made of white powdered granite though, fortunately, at many places it crossed the swift streams running from the mountains. After a hasty lunch at Glendale Crossing I continued my trek though often tempted to use my additional day when the sun beat down in the afternoon and fearsome hills loomed before me. Towards evening I met a horseman who bore tidings of the outbreak of war with Japan, which determined me to catch the train that night, come what may.

But, oh, were the cups of tea given me by a kindly landowner between Maas Creek and the Murrumbidgee welcome! His enquiries per 'phone also assured me half an hour longer for the train than I expected, I would have accepted his invitation to tea if I had known that the Murrumbidgee, which I would have had to cross in the dark, had a nice concrete ford across it. Actually I had to wait in Williamsdale an hour before the train arrived, but failed in my attempt to get a meal as the town consisted of only one house. So I sat in the little waiting room while the wind howled outside and sang to myself, perhaps from a full heart, but certainly not with a full stomach.

"We may live without love — what is passion but pining —

But where is the man That can live without dining!"

quoted a ship's memo.

A REMINDER FROM PADDY !

For your convenience (and to save Paddy from losing the few remaining hairs on his nearly bald pate, with worry), please check up on your camping gear right away and fetch in your repairs right away.

Easter is but a few weeks ahead and it will ease the rush considerably if your repairs and orders for new gear are in good time.

In these days of scarce supplies, rising prices (and Government tinkering with Sales Tax) the wise shopper gets in early.

Thanks folks.

PADDY PALLIN,

327 George Street

SYDNEY.

PHONE B.3101.

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS

S T O P P R E S S

THIS IS SAD NEWS - The Blue Gum Forest has been burnt out. The fire has also devastated the Valley of Govetts Leap Creek and the highlands across to Mount Hay and Three Nob Hill.

The Trustees have issued a warning that the only safe place to camp in the forest now is in the bend opposite the junction of the Creek with the river. Everywhere else there is danger of trees falling.

WHEN? HOW? AND WHY?

by Grace Jolly.

When did I start walking? How and Why?

What odd questions. Well, not being a backward child, and having no one around with sufficient foresight to warn me, I acquired this regrettable habit at the proper time, perhaps a little earlier than most children, I can't say I have thought since, however, (mostly when in the "Rough" of "Track and Rough") that if the old Chinese custom of foot-binding had been universal, it would have saved a lot of trouble. The idea had its "points" you know.

To get on with the story. Time and I marched on and, hearing so much of the pleasure of bushwalking, I joined the Rucksack Club. Perhaps I was influenced in this by the realisation that my technique was such that, in all probability, I would always have to walk and that I might at least get some pleasure from it. My first trip was a day walk, very easy and very enjoyable, as also were the sandwiches provided by the family for this big adventure.

The next week-end was Easter and, by this time having the bit in my teeth I joined a walk going down Cox's River. A very large pack was hired and soon fitted with necessities. Two large cakes of "Comfort" bath soap and a tin of talcum powder were the first to go in, and, having read somewhere that plenty of socks were desirable for walking, half-a-dozen pairs of thick ones were included. These were later draped on different bushes immediately they became torn.

Reliable witnesses state that I swayed under the load as I left, but nevertheless Central Station was reached with only an hour and a half to spare. Pictures of Atlas kept running through my mind, but for the life of me I couldn't remember how he finally got rid of his load.

The walk out over Clear Hill was a nightmare. Only twice in my life have I been homesick, but this was one of those times. My feet blistered treacherously early in the piece, and Black Dog Track - covered in what must be the record slowest time - was nearly my Waterloo.

But what a glorious sight at the end! To one who had never bushwalked before, the Cox was especially lovely. It was this, my first camp, that made me want to see more of the Australian Bush.

Before turning in that night, I dragged out my "Comfort" bath soap and talcum powder and flung them as far as my weak condition would allow. The splash which followed meant nothing to me then; I had yet to learn about "upstream" and "downstream" and the enormity of spoiling the drinking water.

The birds were in very good form the next morning, though a trifle early. Part of the pleasure in later trips down there has been the expectation of the early morning bird songs, but to me they seem to have fallen off considerably, vocally.

This trip set me firmly on the bushwalking path, and many delightful walks came my way with the Rucksack Club, but after a few months I hankered for the little Flannel flower badge of the S.B.W. and, though I was doubtful

whether I could manage the test walks after hearing so much of their toughness, decided to apply for membership.

It was certainly an event in my life when I received the badge, and the pleasant times I have enjoyed, and the unpleasant times I have endured, make me very grateful to whatever hunch it was that turned me bushwards. Perhaps no glittering Ford will ever pant expensively at my door, but who cares? I don't. I can walk it.

THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

S A Y S

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!

1942.

February 14th/15th.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Sandy Bend, Minto

(Still Bill Henley's idea of the best spot).

February 25th
(Wednesday)

"MINERVA" THEATRE PARTY.

(See Blackboard - or Social Secretary - for)
(details and tickets.

February 27th
(Friday)

8.15 p.m.

LECTURE with Coloured Slides - "AMERICAN JOURNEY" by Mr. Crawford, Economist to the Rural Bank.

March 13th
(Friday)

8.00 p.m.

ANNUAL MEETING and Grand Election of Officers.

March 14th/15th.

ANNUAL RE-UNION WHERE ?

Remember, if you want to bring your nearest and dearest on Sunday only you must get permission beforehand from the Committee.

The Re-Union Camp is for MEMBERS and Past Members ONLY.

March 20th
(Friday)

8.15 p.m.

LECTURE with Slides.

"TO CHINA VIA THE BURMA ROAD" by Marie Byles.

S O L I T U D E

Where the mocking lyre bird calls
To its mate among the falls
Of the mountain streams that play
Each adown its tortuous way,
When the dewy-fingered even
Veils the narrow'd glimpse of heaven;
Where the morning re-illumes
Gullies full of ferny plumes,
And a woof of radiance weaves
Through high-hanging vaults of leaves;
There'mid giant turpentine,
Groups of climbing, clustering vines,
Rocks that stand like sentinels,
Guarding Nature's citadels;
Lowly flowering shrubs that grace
With their beauty all the place --
There I love to wander lonely,
With my dog companion only;
There indulge unworldly moods
In the mountain solitudes;
Far from the gilded strife
Of a boasted "social life,"
Contemplating, spirit-free,
The majestic company
Grandly marching through the ages --
Heroes, martyrs, bards and sages --
They who bravely suffered long
By their struggles waxing strong
For the freedom of the mind,
For the rights of humankind !
Oh, for some awakening cause,
Where we face eternal laws
Where we dare not turn aside,
Where the sould of men are tried --
Something of the nobler strife
Which consumes the dross of life,
To unite to truer aim,
To exalt to loftier fame !
Leave behind the bats and balls,
Leave the racers in the stalls,
Leave the cards forever shuffled,
Leave the yacht on seas unruffled,
Leave the haunts of pampered ease,
Leave your dull festivities ! --
Better far the savage glen,
Fitter school for earnest men !
By the late Sir Henry Parkes.

LETTERS FROM THE LADS -- No. 11.

from Rory Lofts of the Rover Ramblers.

Late in December last Rory wrote thus to one of our Club members:-

"It is ages since you heard from me, mainly due to activity and pending activity on the Western Desert, but here we are again back in the land of "Milk and honey", after being about three months without mail, so you can guess what sort of a mail was waiting. Parcels; I'm going to be eating for a month; and to think what we could have done to those self-same parcels a few weeks ago. I don't know how many parcels there were but I have you to thank for several, and to-day I came back from two days leave in Tel Aviv to find my bunk covered with papers. Again I have you to thank for many.

It was good to get back here for Xmas, much more pleasant than the desert I can tell you. We were a bit unlucky and found ourselves the last Aussies in that part of the world. Now it is over I'm glad that I saw the whole show through. After so many months of wondering if we had an Air Force, then to see the sky full of planes all with circles instead of ugly black crosses under their wings, and at night to hear the distant rumble of bombs falling for hours at a time away out on the enemy - gosh! we certainly made up for anything we got with interest in those last few days. I'm glad I was on the winning side.

Since we have been back we have had vile weather except for a couple of days, rain - gosh it rained and blew! Several huts completed the night flat on the ground. Now we are paddling round in several inches of sticky mud.

This is in answer to yours of the 1.10 and 3.12.

I too have spent a cold night out on that track and Leura, and also climbed Perry's one day when it was about 110° so I know just how you felt.

I don't know if I have ever told you anything of Tel Aviv, but in case I haven't - It is, I think, the youngest city in the world, being only about 20 years old, and it is very modern and wonderfully clean compared with the rest of this part of the world. One thing I like, they did not forget to plant trees and in the older parts the streets are quite pretty.

We are in the orange district here and it's the mid season. The orchards look wonderful. They plant trees much closer than at home, so close that it's a job to walk between them.

It will be great to get back and tell all about what we have seen but, of course, we are rather handicapped as there is so much we can't say. We had an interesting trip out across the desert over country that had only a few days before been battlefields, and everywhere there were knocked out German tanks and trucks. One tank I had time to examine - an A.-tk. shell had gone right through about 2½" or more steel - just a perfectly round, clean hole - then apparently set the ammunition alight inside; and believe me it was a mess.

We also had the pleasure of passing through the old German defences without a shot to be heard anywhere. Then we passed a 'drome where enemy

planes had landed and taken off again for months and months, and it was covered with our planes. While I was passing a flight of about 40 fighters took off, while about the same number were flying round waiting to land. Then on the edge of the 'drome were several heaps of wrecked Iti. planes.

Well, I have just about run out of space so, many thanks for the parcels, papers and letters, and all the best wishes for the New Year."

.

Many of Rory's other friends may also want to write to him, so here is his address: NX28149 Cpl. R.H.Lofts,
Bn. H.Q. 2/13 Bn,
A.I.F. Abroad.

CONGRATULATIONS !

(Some of our readers have specially requested the publication of this letter, which was received by the Hon.Secretary of the S.B.W. in December-Ed.†.

"Dear Madam!

We wish to convey our sincerest congratulations, to be forwarded to the Concert Committee, on the success of the Annual Concert.

We feel that the occasion should not be missed to mention the excellency of the Committee's judgment in casting those superb humourists, Ray Bean and Gordon Pritchard.

Here, indeed, is the perfect comedy couple. Their ready wit, personality and brilliance of presentation is held by sheer stage craft ability at the very pinnacle of perfection.

Fortunate is the Club who has such genius to select from and we feel that proud must be the concert committee of their achievement.

We eagerly await an opportunity to see these brilliant young artists work again,

Yours sincerely,

(signed) G. Pritchard

(signed) R. Bean "

.

(Hear! Hear! -- say all of us. - Ed.).

FEDERATION NOTES

About those signs on the Clear Hill and Black Dog Tracks which, it is feared, may beguile incompetent and unsuspecting tourists from those highways and involve them in the adventure of a trip over "Manson's Ladders" -- Johnnie Manson's work keeps him in town these week-ends so any party of walkers that finds either of the two notices still in place is asked by Federation to remove it. Then no uninitiated person will be aware of the new route or be tempted to try it.

During the past few months various matters have been brought to the rather unsatisfactory conclusion - "nothing further can be done about that until after the war". There are now so many of these items that the Federation Secretary has been instructed to open a special register for "Matters to be followed up after the war".

The Committee to formulate a Federation policy regarding tracks, blazes, improvements to existing routes and the opening of new routes (or not) is not one of the matters listed for entry in the new register. Volunteers to act on this committee are wanted and wanted at once. If you have any ideas on these important questions, please write them to Marie Byles of the S.B.W., who is convenor, or let her know that you are willing to be co-opted to the committee. And please treat this matter as "urgent".

Garawarra Park Trust reported that two members of the public had been apprehended carrying guns in the Park, but legal action was unnecessary. Satisfactory apologies and assurances had been received from the culprits and then the confiscated portions of their guns had been returned to the offenders. The Trust is installing rubbish bins at convenient places and appeals to all walkers to assist in getting these used so that the Park will be kept properly clean. The encroaching shacks at the northern end of Burning Palms Beach are the Trust's greatest worry at present, but the matter is receiving very serious consideration.

The C.M.W. has suggested that, with the help of working parties from the various Clubs, the Garawarra Trust might go in for a re-forestation scheme in those parts of the Park which are becoming somewhat denuded of vegetation. The idea has been passed on to the Trust.

The Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park promptly reminded delegates that this year's working-bee at Maitland Bay is being arranged for the first week-end in May. They asked that it be included in the walks programmes of all Clubs.

In case you missed the announcement in the newspapers, here is good news. Week-end Excursion Fares were restored by the Railways towards the end of January.

Did you know that the "Log" signed by all those attending the two Federation Camps is kept at Paddy Pallin's shop and can be looked at at any time by any walker? Now you know how to fill in the time when next you have to wait for the crowd to thin out before you can get your wants attended to.

At the January meeting it was decided unanimously that "The Bushwalker, No.6" should be produced by the Federation in 1942, but no appointments to

the Publication Committee were made. Retiring members and other possible members are being approached for permission to nominate them at the February meeting (on Tuesday, 17th). If you know anyone competent and willing, please let one of the Club Delegates have the name and consent before that date.

CLUB GOSSIP

All sorts of congratulations are the order of the day this month --

First of all there are the promotions of Oliver Moriarty to Lieut-Commander and of Jack Debert to Flight-Lieutenant to call forth the congratulations of all their friends.

Then there is the announcement seen in the "S.M.Herald" recently that Mr. and Mrs. Colin Barnard have a son. Col, of course, is a "Warrigal", not an S.B.W. and we have not seen much of his wife since they were married, but all the older members will remember Gladys Parsons and congratulate young John Stuart Barnard on his choice of parents.

Ada Mead has announced her engagement to Mr. Jim McGrath, a farmer in the Beaudesert district of Queensland. At present she is very busy shopping and discovering various wartime shortages of essential stocks, but what does that matter when her home will be in sight of Lamington National Park. Congratulations to them both from the bushwalkers!

A matter of great importance to all bushwalkers is the return to Sydney of Wal. Roots. Yes, it's not a visit this time; when you read this Wal Roots will again be a resident here, so all bushwalkers of all Clubs can throw up their hats.

You may be thinking that all the news this month is very good, but here is some that is very bad. Bush fires have swept right through the Blue Gum Forest. We don't know where they started but hear that the whole valley of Govett's Leap Creek was burned out, and the Grose Valley both upstream and downstream from the Forest. This news has only just come through as we go to press so we have no details, but our informant thought the fire in the Forest had affected mainly the ground cover and not got into the crowns of the trees. We hope so.

Talking of bushfires - early in January, one started at Coal & Candle Creek at mid-day one hot Sunday. Before nightfall it had swept the whole peninsula to Mackerel Beach, where it was brought under control. Fred and Dorothy Svenson were camped that week-end at Willawarra near Refuge Bay. Returning to camp to pack, they found the bushfire had swept through while they were down at the beach, and all they had left were the clothes they had on and their two waterbags, which they had left full of water! Imagine yourself left without any camping gear at all, and then add your commiserations to ours! Fred and Dorothy, you have our deepest sympathy.
