

1742

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

No.89

MAY, 1942

Price 3d.

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EDITORIAL

In the last issue of the Magazine, Dorothy Lawry, who edited the Magazine for four years, bade farewell, as Editor, to her readers, and gave her best wishes to the new team. We are all more or less new to our jobs, but we are fortunate in taking over a smoothly running organisation and in having the help and advice of the old Editor whenever we need it.

Dorothy Lawry, and Jean and Brian Harvey and their helpers have done sterling work for the Club by keeping the magazine running even in the most difficult times. We hope to carry on their good work, and see that the Magazine loses none of its appeal to readers.

We feel that the publication of the Magazine is one of the most essential of the Club's many activities. "The Sydney Bushwalker" describes for you walks, club events, personalities, our ideas, and our humour, in fact it is the written expression of everything which makes the Club.

It is the readers who make the Magazine. If anything of interest comes

to your notice, write it down and hand it to one of us. Don't be afraid to express yourself through its pages. Remember too our members in camps, here and abroad, whose only contact with the Club is the B.S.C. and the Magazine. They want to know what we are doing, and it would be very selfish of us not to let them know.

If you don't like the way we run the magazine, tell us. Better still write to the Editor and have your views published. It is your Magazine. See that it measures up to your standards.

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FEDERATION NOTES

At the March meeting Marie Byles reported that a Boy Scout had been found cutting down a tree at Cheltenham. The matter was referred to Scout Headquarters with a request that all such offenders should be required to plant another tree at the place where the crime took place. At the last meeting a reply came from the Strathfield Troop, saying that the boy responsible was no longer a member of their troop, but that they would nevertheless be glad to plant a tree in the place of the one cut down.

The Secretary for Railways denied the Federation's report that trains billed to stop at Lilyvale on the Sunday after Christmas passed straight through. It was decided however to repeat the request for the appointment of a station attendant. An attendant was needed to stop trains, sell tickets, and see that train doors were properly closed.

The Minister for Lands replied to a Federation letter that any person could carry a gun in the Kosciusko area for the purpose of killing noxious animals. It was decided to ask that only shepherds and authorised persons be permitted to carry guns, so that tourists would not be permitted to carry them.

Arrangements are going ahead for the publication of the Annual, and it is pretty certain that it will come out as usual. Contributions are requested.

Miss Emily Reynolds of the Rucksack Club is now organising the Playground Walks in place of Dorothy Lawry.

A convenor is required for the Federation Publicity Bureau.

Mr. Trevor Krok has gone away from Sydney and has had to resign from the Bluegum Forest Trust. A successor has not yet been appointed.

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G U M T R E E S

(as Fitzie tells it).

The trees in the gully grew green and thick, for the stream that ran over the rocks brought them nourishing food. The hot winds never blew on them, and the sun only sent his kindest rays to them. So it came about that the Tree Ferns, the Wattles and the Myrtles were the most admired in the district.

Up on the hill-side where the young Gums grew, the loose sandy soil contained very little food, for all the water used to run down the hill to the stream in the gully. But the Gums never grumbled. Of all the trees in the forest they were the gayest and most cheerful. Whatever the weather, the Gums were contented and enjoyed their lives to the utmost. Because they were so happy, everyone loved them and the birds and bees would make their homes in their branches. Thus they lived on quietly and contentedly for many years watching the seasons come and go until one day a very bad tempered Summer arrived.

She came early before Spring had left the land and the gentler season fled before her. Scorching winds and blazing sunbeams followed in her train, and even the big trees grew faint and weary and bent their heads before her.

Down in the gully the trees moaned and sighed with pain for they had never known such heat, and they cried to the Gums to shelter them. Hearing the cries the Gums were saddened for it was beyond their power to protect their friends. They said sadly, "We would give our lives to save you dear beautiful things, but we are powerless." The cruel summer heard these words and laughed mockingly. "You would give your lives for them would you? You will soon have a chance to do so."

So saying she raced away across the mountain. That very night the chance came. The sun went down a fiery ball behind the hills and as he disappeared a red glow was seen to rise in the eastern sky. "Is the sun coming back again already?" asked a baby tree in tears. The bigger Gums shook their heads. "It is not the Sun. It is the Fire."

At these words there rose from all the trees and bushes, a wail of despair, for the Fire is the most dreaded of all enemies. Very soon the Fire appeared on the top of the opposite hill. With red hair flying and blue arms waving she leaped from tree to tree, licking up everything before her. Behind her came the hot winds driving her forward and laughing fiendishly at their work.

The gully trees wept piteously. Instantly the Gums decided to fight to the death to save their darlings in the gully. They lifted their heads and shouted in one voice. "Come and fight us if you dare".

The Fire heard the challenge and with a roar leaped right across the gully, over the tops of the gully-trees, and hurled her flames into the midst of the gums.

Fiercely the battle raged. The Gums dashing their green leaves in the face of the flames. But the Fire was stronger, and very soon the Gums were overwhelmed and conquered. Then the Fire passed on leaving the gully-trees all green and untouched, but on the hillside stood a defeated army of burnt black trunks.

In a few days the Fire burnt itself out. The Gully-trees were as green and beautiful as ever, but they drooped their heads and mourned for their lost friends.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a tiny whisper which said, "Do not grieve dear trees, we are not dead, though we are badly wounded. But our sap is still fresh and cool, and we shall be ourselves again, some-day." The Gully-trees could not keep still with excitement, they asked together, "Is it true?" "Yes", called the Stream as he danced along, "That is the spirit of the Gums. Fire cannot kill their brave hearts, and while a tree's heart is alive, it cannot die."

Little by little the Gums began to recover. At the end of a few seasons they sang quite merrily on the hillside. But a great change had come over them. Instead of the ragged straggling things of dull green they had been before, there rose tier after tier of straight strong trees, all thickly clothed with leaves of glorious copper colour, which gleamed and glistened in the sunshine and made the hillside glow like burnished armour. And no longer were the Gully-trees the most admired. Everyone stopped to gaze at the hillside and say, "Oh, what beautiful Gum-trees".

As for the Gums, they laughed and enjoyed life just in the same old way, and answered all the compliments by saying. "After all, it doesn't matter what your face is like, if only your sap keeps cool and pure. Sap is the thing that counts."

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"Cross him off! they shouted, "Cross him off! the miserable cow, he didn't pay." Don't let this happen to you. Pay your subscriptions now to Doris Allden or Beryl English.

KEEPING A GREEK PEASANT WARM

"Got my sleeping bag from you 1939, it is now probably keeping a Greek peasant warm."

"Would rather lose my identification disc than my sleeping bag."

"Came through Greece, Crete and Libya with it, wouldn't part with it."

"Had it through 2½ years active service. My best friend."

"In the snow in Syria, I think I would have died without it."

These are a few of the dozens of tributes paid to Paddy-made sleeping bags by men on active service and now alas there is no more down. Sources of supply (China and Java etc.) have been cut off and the Government has frozen what little is left.

Sorry folks C'est la guerre'.

In future Paddymade sleeping bags will be filled with fine feather. They will be just as warm as ever but will weigh 4½ lbs. and will be about 60% bulkier. Cost £2/12/6. Even now they are still heaps better than blankets and well worth carrying.

PADDY PALLIN,

327 George Street,

SYDNEY.

'Phone B3101.

EASTER ON THE COX

by Joyce Kennedy.

Dogs! little idea did we have of the part they were soon to play in our lives as we wildly scrambled aboard the 6.27 eager for adventure once more. However, Katoomba and a few hours moonlight walking brought us to Corral Swamp - already inhabited by numerous slumbering forms. A hasty conference resulted in a majority ruling to remain, with some suggestion about early rising to conciliate the minority.

8 a.m. A refreshing sleep and a bright crisp morning and we were soon on our way with light hearts and springing step - our destination Kanangaroo via Yellow Dog, Mt. Mouin and Splendour Rock at this stage insignificant but worthwhile digressions in between.

Gaily we forged ahead, pausing below Deberts Knob for some sustenance to float us over Mt. Mouin which by now and viewed from this angle was beginning to assume rather more considerable proportions. However, as explained to the credulous there was really nothing to it and what slight exertion was required to reach the top would be more than compensated by the view. Also, since we must rise wasn't that the logical place to do so?

Thus reassured the ascent was begun. But it was not long before the less hardy were convinced they had been betrayed, for who but a deliberate truth distorter could describe such travail, labouring under a weighty pack in the heat of the day as negligible?

With lips compressed and reason mocking, however, the rearguard finally struggled to the top, wondering what aberration of mind had led us to stake all on a place on the 6.27. Here we found no sign of the indefatigable advance guard who we concluded had tired of waiting and were already trying to burn up some of their unnatural energy. A glimpse of their retreating forms confirmed this conclusion, though as the scene of our tribulations was left further and further behind with no other sign of them, we began to doubt the accuracy of our vision. Calling against the gale sweeping the tops and hindering our progress proved waste of breath, and it was with relief that four hungry and very weary people finally descended on the others preparing lunch at the foot of Mt. Warrigal.

This was 2 p.m. and according to schedule we should have been lunching on top of Mt. Merrigal at noon. Imagine our feelings when on arrival we learned from two leisurely passers by that they had left Corral Swamp an hour or more after us, lunched, and skirted easily through the gap at the side - now so obvious - with no thought of climbing the harassing Mt. Mouin at all.

Disillusioned, we pushed doggedly on around Mt. Warrigal, up on to Mt. Merrigal and along Mt. Dingo to Splendour Rock, where in the light

of the sinking sun we viewed the most superb mountain panorama I've yet seen. However, as we ran our eyes over the sweeping curves of the Yellow Dog crouching on our right, we realised a hasty retreat would be necessary to beat the darkness to the Cox. By now we felt quite content to camp wherever the old dog came to rest, but she made no attempt to help us, in fact merely added to our trials by inflicting minor injuries which caused further delay.

At last night overtook us, hungry and footsore, an unknown distance from the ever more elusive Cox. A fire winking tantalisingly at us from her beckoning banks dispelled our doubts as to whether she existed at all. Hungry, dirty and thirsty as we were, the suggestion of a dry camp was welcomed by the now thoroughly wornout and rebellious "not so tough". Waiting for the moon to rise and throw out her guiding light held no appeal for us. So, the decision made, first thoughts flew to juicy food, and all menus were soon upset by the reckless consumption of items meant to be our joy throughout the trip. Chastened, we thought of the amusement of the unknown campers in comfort on the river when they sighted our fire and guessed our sorry plight. We even speculated whether their sympathy would drive them to our rescue with a bucket of water for which we would have paid a heavy ransom. Having dined to repletion, our flagging spirits managed to revive, and it was in the best of humour that 7 tired, thirsty people eventually sank to rest on the unyielding stony back of Yellow Dog.

Morning! and my first waking thought was "what has happened to the thirst I went to bed with?" Strange it should have vanished so completely. The Cox had somehow lost her allure, and it was with the usual reluctance we finally abandoned the fleecy fastnesses of cosy sleeping bags.

Half an hour's rough descent down the rocky back of our host, however, and lo! there she lay, rippling an invitation which was joyously accepted as we plunged headlong into her icy but refreshing depths.

With what contentment then we settled down to a welcome breakfast, the trials of "Black Friday" already forgotten in the rapture of just being "on the Cox". The meal over we padded along the banks towards our next campsite, near Breakfast Creek, revelling in the rapids bequeathed by the recent rain.

After lunch the more energetic half of the party climbed the ridge behind us and dropped down to explore Harry's River and the Canyon, which proved a pleasant substitute for their original goal - Davies Canyon. Having watched them disappear I began retracing my steps to look for the 7th member of the party whose non-appearance was beginning to alarm the two of us left behind. A mile downstream, just as my fears reached the stage of picturing the mangled body, the smiling Ruth appeared, thoroughly damp in all but spirits, having just received an unexpected embrace by the all too friendly Cox. The drying out process with other domestic duties occupied what was left of the afternoon until the braves returned.

Since an early start was the order of the following day, we brought our discussions to a timely close and retired in preparation. 7 a.m. saw us on our way, and who should appear round the first bend but Max who added moral support to the party for the remainder of the trip. This began by following the gushing stream past its junction with Harry's River, where our pause was far too fleeting to do justice to its beauty, and on until we paused for a welcome sunny hour and another breakfast before sadly leaving the river to tackle the climb up Black Jerry's Ridge.

This accomplished, we traversed the newly clothed green tablelands with pleasure at the refreshing sight they made. The lunching rendezvous was Kirbys, but owing to the party falling into two detachments and some confusion as to who was meant by Kirby, we of the second division finally partook of lunch convinced that the others were very dull indeed and not sure if we'd see them again.

Despite the handicap of blistered feet suffered by one member of each division, we met again after coming thro' the Valley at Mark Foy's farm where hope of transport for the lame quickly disappeared with one glance at the already overloaded bus.

With some sympathy for the sufferers, we started off up Murphy's Track, a direct and scenic route leading right up to the Hydro, from which we looked back over Megalong changing with the lengthening shadows as we rose. On top the scene was crowned by a really magnificent traditional sunset. By now the air was chillier than at any time throughout the trip, and no time was wasted in invading the cafe to indulge in juicy steak before venturing out into the blast again to catch the train for home.

From the "Report of National Fitness Council of N.S.W. - May 1941.

Primitive Reserves (for use in nature study and for hikers) and National Parks (for tourists, hikers and motorists). The need for these is well recognised. It increases with (a) the growing urbanisation of our people, and (b) the expanding tourist traffic, both these causes, especially (a), being closely related to health. The tendency to reward and refresh all classes of workers by holiday tours is world wide and rapidly growing. The position has been reached at which it should be even economically advantageous to the nation to reserve for public recreation scenic and rugged areas accessible to tourists, hikers and campers, rather than leave them to be used by a few scattered farmers, a policy which, in some parts, is gradually destroying the scenery and raising problems of erosion."

AT OUR OWN MEETING

The first task of our new President was to present some very impressive certificates from the Royal Life Saving Society to those who had successfully completed a course of lectures in resuscitation.

Next the prize for the damper competition was presented to the winner, Yvonne Rolfe.

A letter was received from Mr. W. M. Whitney, saying that he was prepared to continue with the Club audit. It was decided to thank Mr. Whitney for his kind offer, and tell him we would be glad to accept it, if, in these uncertain times, the auditor elected at our last meeting was unable to carry on.

The Committee reported that it had appointed a Sub-committee to report to the Youth Parliament. It had also arranged for a speaker from the Youth Parliament to address the May Monthly meeting.

The list of Officers appointed by the Committee was read to the meeting. Members will receive this list in a circular to be sent them.

Dorothy declared the meeting closed at 8.45 p.m. thereby filling the Managing Editor of The "Bushwalker" with wonder and admiration.

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DOT'S TRIP TO MELBOURNE

(Being extracts from a letter).

"I finished up my last patient at 9 a.m. Wednesday morning, then toured off with bike and pack to Central and caught the train to Goulburn. Rode out of Goulburn about 4.30 p.m. and covered 20 miles, I suppose, before camping for the night. All road signs have been removed (war precaution) and I didn't have a road map or a watch, so conditions were as near to primitive and breaking into virgin country, as they could be.

There was a howling southerly against me all the way and about dusk it began to spot rain, so, as my entire worldly possessions consisted at that moment of a sleeping bag, a singlet, a plate and a knife, I bethought me to look for shelter, and that pretty rapidly. The country was bare and open and stoney and stumpy, with no shelter even for a wallaby so I took to examining all bridges and culverts I passed over in the hope of finding one without water under it. Ah, thank Heaven, (as Mandus would say), here at last is the perfect camp spot! - a concrete tunnel under the road a yard square whose purpose is to carry storm water into yonder muddy clay pond. It's floor is about 6" above water level at the moment and quite dry. Let us hope there is no flood tide in the night.

I blocked up the far end of it with bushes and stones to keep the wind out for one thing, for it roared through as down a funnel, then I collected a heap of grass which the wind had banked up against a wire rabbit proof fence and lined my little dug-out.

I had a bath in the reedy clay-pool, lit a fire at the entrance to my burrow, snuggled down in my sleeping bag among the grass and ate bread and cheese while I wrote a letter home by firelight, then went to sleep among a scent of briar roses from the nearby bushes, which always brings me memories of what I love best in this world.

Next day did about a hundred miles and snoozed in a railway paddock or shunting yard under some gum-trees and was woken at 1 a.m. by the Station Master to catch the train south. The Express was crowded, so I put up a card table between two seats and curled up on that in my sleeping bag and slept the sleep of the just till 7 a.m. when the train pulled into Albury.

Two hundred miles to Melbourne and two days to get there - that is a fairly simple arithmetical calculation. Perfect weather - no wind - very flat country so 100 miles was wiped off the slate easily by dark. Discovered that all cash was gone bar 8/- which I thought I had better keep in case I had to get the train for the last 30 or 40 miles. So, my child, draw in your belt! Nothing but 2 slices of bread and cheese for breakfast, for dinner and tea for next two days!

Did another 100 miles the next day and arrived as lean as a greyhound.

There was no need to get the train at all as I got a lift for 20 miles in a military cattle truck in which some 15 lads were packed. Being in Khaki all I had to do was put on one of their military hats, pull it well down and take no interest in anything whenever we passed other military trucks or were stopped by officers on road patrol, and all went well. However I could see the young lad driving began to get a bit anxious as we approached the outskirts of the city, so I got him to put me off about 15 miles from town, and pedalled the rest of the way.

Arrived in about 7 p.m. and rang Perce Woodman - a friend in need to stray Bushwalkers, very like Paddy - and he held out a helping hand to a lady in distress by inviting me to stay with himself and his sister for the night, which invitation was promptly accepted.

He has done a bit of walking with S.B.W.'S and has formed his own Club in Melbourne in which the mediaeval segregation of the sexes into Melbourne Men's Walking Club and Melbourne Women's Walking Club does not occur.

John Hunter (recently appointed S.B.W. member) had just been staying with the Woodman's for 5 weeks on his arrival in Melbourne.

LETTERETTES

We are starting a column for "letterettes". These will be in the form of short letters on any subject of interest to Bushwalkers. We would like the "letterettes" to be of about 50 words in length, though longer ones will be published if space permits. Here is an example:

S.B.W. Interest in Federation. Bill Hall writes "The Club is by far the biggest one in the Federation, but members apart from its delegates show little personal interest in Federation matters. They show no desire to unite with other bodies on objects outside of walking, no matter how worthwhile those objects are. Members are wrapped up in but one thing, the personal enjoyment to be gotten by the individual member from walking and camping."

You may, if you prefer, write under a nom de plume, so long as your real name is submitted to the editor.

We hope that some people who do not like talking in meetings may express themselves in letterettes of this kind. In any case, if you have an idea or suggestion, it is often a good scheme to let people read it and chew it over before you put it before a general meeting.

CLUB GOSSIP

Bean marriage took place at appointed date. Bride suffered no ill effects from walk to Church, Church to Studio, Studio to Ann's Pantry (in Bridal array). Happy couple now honeymooning at Kirribilli.

Remember the "Wet Friday". Rod Eddes and Bobby Lance teamed up that day. Bridegroom chose bedroom slippers, Best man, wore shorts, (we think there was a shirt), and the clergyman looked neat in brown brogues.

Dick Jackson and Cora Henderson were also married last month. In the absence of more details, we assume this ceremony was quite conventional.

John and Dora Harvey now in Hobart.

It has been pleasing to see so many old members coming into the Club of late. There is no apparent reason for this, though it has been suggested that, owing to the new liquor regulations, the beer runs out very early now. (This is not necessarily our opinion - Ed.).

While having lunch at Mobbs Swamp during the hot weather a party was surprised to observe a whirlwind gyrating rapidly down the Blue Dog. As this was a rare phenomenon in mountain country, a photographer took a fast exposure. Development of film revealed, in the centre of whirlwind, the unmistakable figures of those intrepid explorers Cosgrove and Watson, evidently on week-end manouvres.

Members will be pleased to hear the class distinctions are becoming somewhat blurred at Medlow Bath. On Easter Sunday a party of Bush-walkers, who looked like the lower classes, (though the blood in their veins was deepest blue - it was very cold) asked for food and were fed. They were the only ones in the restaurant, but we are assured that this had nothing to do with the fact that they got in first.

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LETTERS AND NEWS FROM THE LADS.

JOHN GLOVER :-
8-12-41 In some parts of Iceland I have gone for long walks, and also climbed some of the smaller mountains which are very barren. Most are snowcapped and from 500 ft. upwards covered in mist. Very few alpine plants grow on them. We had several very cold swims in the creeks and also the ocean where we were anchored. We caught some salmon in some of the lower ones. The water is very hard but quite pleasant to drink. There isn't a tree or bush in sight anywhere on the island. I think I am right in saying there is one mountain that is about 10,000 feet high. It sticks up towards the sky and about half of it is snow covered.

I had been at sea up till the end of September and then had a spell on shore. In that ten months aboard the last ship I escorted many convoys.

While on leave in London I was in a guard of honour outside the Club in which I was staying. This was when the Queen officially opened it. She spoke to me and also the other Empire troops in the Guard of Honour. She was dressed in a light blue dress, hat and coat with shoes to match. She is very pretty and has a very pleasant speaking voice.

I don't know whether you knew that I was in the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting. A Church Service was held aboard H.M.S. "Prince of Wales" and I was also aboard for the Service. It was a marvellous sight and was the first time that I had seen Churchill. He was not with a cigar in his mouth this time (nobody is allowed to smoke on the quarter-deck of any naval ship).

I and other Australians are very strictly censored. After the war I shall tell you all my experiences and what has happened that is not published or broadcast, that is, of course, if you want to listen. I can tell you that I have not been kept idle in England, they have kept me on the move at sea most of the time and consequently I have visited several interesting countries.

JACK SPAIN
25-3-42. RAAF. Q'LAND. I am now stationed up in the peanut country on a new station, it is not nearly finished yet, only a few of the huts have electric light. Of course there is the water problem, the water we use is from an artesian bore, and as the boilers are not yet fixed it is all cold and very cold at that. The other night, which was a "going out night" the tank ran dry, so the showers were turned off and there were we covered in red dust and engine grease and the places of refreshment closing at 8 p.m. One chap got the bright idea of having a bath in the wash tubs and before we could say peanuts there were quite a number of very dirty airmen sitting in the wash tubs having baths, it was a sight for sore eyes but we did get to town in time.

I hope to be in Sydney on leave early in May, I have been packed three

times only to have my leave washed out, but this time I should make it. If I am in Sydney on a Friday night I will call in and see you, it is over two years since I joined up.

We have been working with the Yanks since Christmas and have picked up Yankee sayings and habits. We got onto the American cigarettes and now we have been moved away from them it is hard to get back to our own. By the way my nick name is no longer "Spanish" but "Sææ See".

BOB SAVAGE
16-2-42.

Note:- We have a long and particularly interesting letter from Bob, five foolscap pages, in fact, anyone may have the loan of a copy on application to Dunk. The following are short extracts:- "During the early portion of the course at the Lebanon Ski School we were concentrating on the individual ski-ing proficiency of the students, the snow was very icy - so much so in fact that a number of the seats of the wind-proof trousers gave out under the strain of constant contact with the ground, or rather ice. Biddell said that we reversed the Napoleonic dictum "that an army marches on its stomach". Shortly before Christmas I had to go down to Corps Headquarters and during my absence heavy snow fell cutting off all communication by phone or road. After a rush trip to Halfa on Christmas Eve I left Headquarters on Christmas morning hoping to be at the School for a late Christmas dinner. The first mishap was on a short cut road that I had used in summer but I had no idea what Lebanon winter rains could do to a second class road. After skidding into a two foot deep water cut on the surface of the road I was pulled out by a towing truck about three in the afternoon. The Unit kindly pulled me out and gave us some cold meat - all that was left of their Christmas dinner. Then along the normal road, up all the hair pin bends until I reached about five thousand feet and was plowing through six inches of snow. The final straw was when the vehicle ahead of me got stuck on a corner and I could not get past. We eventually, just on dark, turned both vehicles around by locking the wheels and skidding the front around on the icy surface. Then downhill in the dark, all hair pin bends again, and when I was on the level ground near the coast we skidded again, hit a stone wall and I was pulled out by a recovery vehicle about one a.m. on Boxing morning. Quite definitely the worst Christmas Day that I have ever spent. The next day I borrowed another truck since mine was well smashed up and got within five miles of the School where my staff met me with ski and so I got home.

Since receiving this letter we hear he has been promoted to Lieut-Colonel. Congratulations, Bob.

Another promotion - our Ex-Secretary, Tom Moppett, now has three stripes - Congratulations, Tom.

THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

S A Y S

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING DATES.

- MAY 12th PARTY for THE FUNDS OF THE BUSHWALKER EMERGENCY SERVICES
Tuesday It was to have been at the "MINERVA" but the show doesn't
seem worthwhile, so we are looking for a good picture.
Any suggestion please?
- 22nd
Friday LECTURE with SLIDES by MR. PRICE CONIGREVE
- 29th
Friday STUNT NIGHT is here again, and Grace Edgecombe and Ray
Kirkby are looking for talent so tell them about yourself.
- JUNE 2nd We will have another small DANCE, if enough people would
Tuesday like one.
- 26th
Friday ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION. Begin now to plan your
exhibit. If you haven't taken your masterpiece, don't
delay, we will be looking for it.

BEYOND THE BROWN-OUT.

It is not so long since a great glow lit up the skies above the city. Dazzling signs glared and blinked at us, attracting our attention to various slogans placards and symbols which exhorted us to buy things we didn't need or couldn't pay for (If we did need them and could pay for them we would have bought them anyway). The brown-out has blotted out the glare and the signs. Looking upward now you will see instead the misty luminosity of the Milky Way. If the buildings are not too tall you will see that it stretches over the whole dome of the sky from the Eastern to the Western horizon. Towards the East is the great curve of Scorpio and the red star Antaree. Nearly above is the Southern Cross and towards the West Canis Major with the brilliant Sirius sparkling with bluish-white intensity. If you are interested in piecing together the constellations the stars will acquire a new meaning. You will be pleased to recognise old friends and get to know new ones.

Apart from the beauty of the sky itself the names of the stars and constellations are sonorous and mystical. Some were named by the Greeks, many were named before the days of recorded history. The animals, real and legendary, the tools and household goods, the Gods, the thoughts and myths of the ancients are still reflected back to us from above. Many centuries have passed since they were named. Since then homo sapiens has done much to destroy the beauty of the earth, but the skies remain very much as they were before he, or the earth he lives on, ever existed.

by "Canopus".

MORE ABOUT THE RE-UNION

Taro sent in an article which was a bit late for the last issue, but not too late to be interesting, for re-unions never grow stale as time passes. So here are some extracts from his article.

".....Then came another bright spot. A more or less lecture on incendiary and other (very other) bombs. When I say the actors were Rootsie! Duncan!! Bean!!! all may guess we got our moneys worth.

Personally I find the satanic humor of Duncan most attractive, may be tis my angelic disposition makes me fall for it.

The whole affair was a clever tangle of N.E.S. instruction and blood transfusion - the blood in this case being the new blood - that is - the new members - whose initiation was cleverly combined with the N.E.S. effort. The part tickled me most was Dr. Mephisto Duncan's transfusion of the blood of a tasty young (female) morsel into his own wide chest.

.....Our new President was given the symbols of office, then Dorothy gave the history of the famous bone. Our new Pres. must have held nearly every office in the S.B.W. If she could now use her influence she might get the job of chucker-out some Friday night, and thus complete the list.

Cocoa was served, everyone relaxed, and the second stage began. Somehow - at this point - the tide always surges closer to the fire. They sang about everything and everybody. One very high spot was the "Donkey's Serenade. Edgar and Joyce charmed all with duets from Ruddigate and Pinafore.

Peter again and again. Choruses to the right and left, in unison - in opposition. Joyce Dummer sang "Trees" to all that fine assemblage of trees and tree lovers (Name and address required of any dame who can sing this poem bettern our Joyce).

Even Dot English, L.H. (= long hair) gave a recitation, most unexpected and convincing, with the soft purr of a 16 cylinder job.

.....I am prepared to admit that between the hours of 9P. and 2A. the fluto was occasionally heard."

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